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BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: QUEBEC.



CAROUSE IN WOLFE'S TENT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE: WOLFE SINGING A DRINKING SONG.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

See Page 14.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When one is in Sick Bay, all the little islands about us are magnified; the smallest circumstance attracts attention. The author of "A Voyage Round My Room" was probably thus situated; but some of us, alas! cannot even go round our rooms. We lie and think of many things—sad things, because we remember happier days—and are glad of the least incident that takes us out of ourselves. In my very restricted field of observation the companions of my solitude, Rip the dog and Joey the parrot, are important figures. They are supposed to be very fond of one another; the latter, I am told, having made acquaintance with dogs on board ship, and found them excellent company. It may be so; but I have noticed that when Rip makes advances towards his cage, and comes almost within what is called at single-stick "striking distance," there comes "something rather uncommon in the flash of that very bright eye." I don't like the parrot's way with his confiding friend. He has learnt his name, and often calls him from the top of the house to the bottom in the most seductive tones. Poor Rip rushes in, thinking it is coffee and biscuits at least he is being invited to, if not something better, and finds nothing; only Joey silent as the grave, with a rapt expression such as a Mahatma might wear when engaged in devotion, which utterly precludes the notion of his having been the culprit. "Very queer," says the dog, shaking his drooping ears, "but I could have taken my oath somebody called 'Rip.'" He is a simple creature, very disinclined for quarrel, and, rather than harbour suspicion, attributes these false alarms, I fancy, to noises in his head.

It was agreed that the two creatures grew more fond of one another than ever, and some of the more ardent spirits were for letting Joey out of his cage while Rip was present, that we might see them embrace one another. However, I remembered the story of the monkey and the parrot who were exposed to that temptation, and what came of it (only one feather left, and that pathetic observation, "We have had the deuce of a row"), and this rash counsel was over-ruled. But it was agreed that they should feed together: nothing so promotes amity in animals—and, indeed, in man also—as sharing their meals. A particularly luscious biscuit was, therefore, divided between them. The dog, of course, got through his portion first, and frisking about the neighbourhood of the cage, inadvertently whisked his tail between the bars. I say inadvertently, because I am sure no insult (as was afterwards argued by the bird's advocates) was intended; but no sooner did it happen than Joey dropped his morsel, and with incredible velocity, considering his usual leisurely movements, pounced from on high upon the intruder. It was like the poet's picture of the noble bird who grasps the crag with hooked hands, and "like a thunderbolt he falls": that tail was in his beak within the ten thousandth part of a second. Then rose from earth to sky such a shriek as never dog uttered before. It seemed to include the whole gamut of canine woe, from physical agony down to misplaced confidence. The fury with which, when he did get loose, he made at that cage was a sight to witness, and the more so from its contrast with the magnificent calm of the parrot. He had calculated the centre of his fortress to a nicety, and sat there unmoved, with his Mahatma look fixed upon the ceiling. "Why this disturbance is raised about my quiet home," he seemed to be saying, "I, for my part, cannot imagine." An incident attracted my attention the next morning which this one seemed somehow to have foreshadowed. Æsop, no doubt, would have made a fable out of the materials: the news arrived that another bird, the American Eagle, was twisting the tail of another animal.

Writers of fiction have been accused of affecting emotion: the red blossom of war is thought to be with them an artificial flower, supported by the wire of sentiment: they may write of "seas of blood," but in reality they confine their sympathies to their own circulation. These charges will certainly be groundless in case there should be a war with America. No one will denounce so wicked and monstrous an act with a greater vehemence than the popular novelist. A few years ago it might not have been so. He was then smarting under his wrongs from literary piracy, and was not without an idea that copyright might be obtained by force of arms, or, at all events, that it might be worth while to try it. Now he would rather see Britannia contending with the whole world in arms than with cousin—dear cousin—Jonathan. What would he lose through the enmity of Russia? Nothing. From that of Germany? A few pounds. From that of France? Two and sixpence. From that of Italy? Sixpence. But if we had an unpleasantness with America—my stars and stripes! what would he not lose? I don't know exactly, but I do know of three popular novelists who will divide for their next year's book among them £27,000, a considerable portion of which will certainly come from across the Atlantic. It was always said that the little rifts in the lute of harmony between the two countries were made wider by the literary class in England, but of late years this has certainly not been the case. The liking for being "cracked up" which was attributed to his fellow-countrymen

by a well-known American citizen has been indulged to the full by the British author, and all was going merry as a marriage bell; and now, at the word Venezuela—as discomfiting as Mesopotamia was the reverse—these sweet bells are set jangling and out of tune. Until within the last few days, it is probable that not one person in twenty in these islands knew where Venezuela was. However, it is now pretty certain, thank Heaven! that we are not going to be taught another lesson in geography at the usual price.

The ordinary effect of war upon the fortunes of fiction is distinctly bad. The newspapers supply scenes of excitement hot and hot, as it were, quite enough for the ordinary reader, who only turns to novels to relieve the monotony of his life; the page of battle is so enthralling that there is no appetite left for imaginary incidents: the wildest stories of adventure pale before it, as though they were mere "autumn manoeuvres." While Tommy Atkins is busy the novelists have to take a back seat, but when his work is over they have cause to thank him. The palate of the public has so long been tickled by the highly spiced narratives of combat that it is not easily contented with the dull records of peace, and the newspaper once more gives way to the novel.

There have been memoirs of great men published in recent years which make us almost wish that they had not been great enough to evoke the compliment. It would seem that with some persons the writing of a biography has a demoralising effect: they may betray no trust, but they break seals which good taste should have respected. This is especially marked in the case of letters. A letter should surely be *prima facie* considered a private affair, and certainly not be given to the world at large unless we have good reason to believe that the writer would have consented to it. It is impossible to believe this of half the correspondence of eminent persons which has lately been made public. What is especially to be regretted is the reappearance of depreciatory remarks upon their literary contemporaries, such as may be made in private talk or confidential correspondence even by good-natured writers, but which when we read them in print have an odious effect. It is like a libel which is no libel till it is published. Carlyle's memory has been grievously wounded by it. Everyone who read the late Mrs. Procter's pamphlet, contrasting the letters that philosopher wrote to her stepfather, full of admiration and gratitude, with the contemptuous opinion expressed upon the same man as they appeared elsewhere, must have been shocked by the contrast.

Still more recently we have had some letters of Keats, the appearance of which every lover of that delightful poet must grievously regret, since they prove him also capable of ingratitude and depreciation. If there was one man of his time to whom he was under obligations it was to Leigh Hunt. Indeed, he has expressed them in immortal verse. The elder poet befriended him from the first, and in the fierce battle that raged against his claims to Parnassus fought for him and bled for him. If in some evil hour, when his better nature slept, Keats suffered himself to say things derogatory of his friend and companion, who wants to hear them now that both are sleeping in their quiet graves? That Leigh Hunt was a very inferior poet to Keats is true enough, but quite as genuine a one; nor was he more full of faults, and the same faults. Thanks to the party lines on which all criticism in his day was fought out, and to the fact that he was on the weaker side, Hunt never got the credit due to him; moreover, he had the disadvantage of standing beside Byron, Keats, and Shelley, all three being head and shoulders taller than himself; but there is all the less need for an ill-natured remark of a contemporary to be disinterred from its long-forgotten tomb.

"The Story of Rimini" is the poem upon which Hunt's reputation as a poet mainly rests, but this is far inferior in vigour and originality to his "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," which just now might be read by the Jingo both here (if any) and across the Atlantic with profit. It is a prophecy of the disappearance of war, which, one is afraid, is as far from accomplishment as ever, but it has some descriptions in it of the pomp and circumstance of military life which are quite unrivalled. Who of us has not seen Captain Sword in peace time thus?—

Over the hills and through the towns,  
They heard him coming across the downs;  
Stepping in music and thunder sweet,  
Which his drums sent before him into the street.  
And lo! 'twas a beautiful sight in the sun,  
For first came his foot, all marching like one,  
With tranquil faces and bristling steel,  
And the flag full of honour as though it could feel.

Captain Sword is entertained, of course, especially by the ladies; the dance flows half the night, and never was dancing better described—

There was the country dance, small of taste;  
And the waltz, that loveth the lady's waist;  
And the galopade, strange, agreeable tramp,  
Made of a scrape, a hobble, and stamp;  
And the high-stepping minuet, face to face,  
*Mutual worship of conscious grace;*  
And all the shapes in which beauty goes  
Weaving motion with blithe repose.

But in the morning was sorrow—

When the sound of his drums grew less and less,  
*Walking like carelessness off from distress;*  
And Captain Sword went whistling gay,  
Over the hills and far away.

The battle scenes are too ghastly for extract at this festive season, but there are some fine lines in them; the preparation for the strife is excellent—

Valour and Fear  
And the jest that died in the jester's ear,  
And lordly voices, here and there,  
Called to war through the gentle air;  
When suddenly, with its voice of doom,  
Spoke the cannon 'twixt glare and gloom.

The whole poem is a successful attempt at what we now call "realism," but with the addition of what is now wanting—grace.

At the festive seasons of Christmas and the New Year anxiety is often expressed, and not without reason, that our presents (that is, the presents made to us) may be suitable. The nature of one's profession ought to be a good guide, but it is seldom considered; it would not be a bad notion for advertisers of such wares to assort them in this fashion. In the meantime an American undertaker has frankly informed us what would be most likely to suit persons of his particular calling: a phonograph of a funeral service, containing "a quartet hymn, a tenor solo, a short address, and a closing prayer," would be an appropriate gift. This is what in profane matters would be called a compendium, and would, one imagines, be rather expensive. If the solo was by a good singer, and the address by a popular preacher, it would probably be even very costly. Still, if one liked an undertaker very much, one might, perhaps, not shrink from the expense; but there are persons besides undertakers to whom this gift would be welcome. Its great convenience, in the absence of a clergyman, to persons residing in out-of-the-way places (settlers "about to open their new cemetery with grandpapa," and so on) is obvious—a better substitute than a medicine-chest is for a doctor, because there can be no mistake about the treatment; and no doubt the phonograph could be adapted to every purse. Persons of moderate means might dispense with the quartet hymn, and even the tenor solo.

It is not only a comfort to reflect that the nasty novels (which is quite as accurate a term for them as neurotic, and much plainer) are going out of fashion, but a still greater satisfaction to perceive that stories of adventure are taking their place. What makes the "penny dreadfuls" so formidable is that they have no opponents in the way of vigorous and exciting literature. The "moral tales," as purveyed by pure literature societies, are so insipid that they can make no head against them; but good stories of adventure not only act as disinfectants, but create a wholesome atmosphere of their own. They are just now both noteworthy and numerous. "In the Track of a Storm" is, so far as I know, by a new writer, but he is one, I think, of whom more will be heard. His story labours under the disadvantage of having the likeness of twin brothers to one another as its basis. This is a very ancient device, and admits of a good deal of impossibility, which robs a narrative of its naturalness. It is, however, to the author's credit that, notwithstanding this drawback, he secures the reader's interest from start to finish. The first part of the book, an admirable portrayal of matters "sixty years since," reminds one of Wilkie Collins, almost at his best, and is full of a certain grim humour in which he occasionally indulged. Strange to say, it also suggests the early chapters of "A Tale of Two Cities." But the writer is not a mere imitator. The story opens with a coach robbery. All the passengers have given up their money to the highwayman but one—a Bow Street runner who is biding his time—

As the highwayman grasped the purse it was dropped, and his own wrist was firmly grasped instead. At the same moment my companion drew a pistol and presented it at the head of the intruder.

"All right, Sir!" he exclaimed, in the same soft, melancholy voice. "You are my prisoner!"

I was as much surprised as the robber himself; so I only sat and stared like a fool. The robber had more presence of mind than I had, for he made a tremendous effort to release his hand. His position placed him at a great disadvantage, however, and he failed.

"Let go!" he exclaimed angrily.

"I think not, Sir!"

"You won't?"

"No, Sir!"

Whether it was intentional or not, I can't say. I saw a struggle, I heard the question and the answer: short, sharp, and fierce on one side; quiet, firm, and hard as iron on the other. There was a sudden movement, a flash, and without a word or a groan, the wrist was free, and my companion sank back again into his corner.

For an instant the robber paused, motionless, like a man turned to stone. Still he stared through the open window; still he held the smoking pistol pointed before him. Then, with a sudden movement, he drew back and turned away with a wild gesture.

"Oh, my God!"

Tossing out his arm, he hurled the pistol from him. Striking spurs into his horse's flanks, he disappeared from the window.

Later on there is a fine description of the feelings of an innocent man cast for death, that only falls short of Victor Hugo's famous picture. Then we have the old convict life in the transportation days, with plenty of incident. "In the Track of a Storm" is not a book to be put down till the storm is over.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

Since Dec. 21, when we recorded the departure from England and arrival on the West African coast of the special service battalion of British soldiers, drawn from various infantry regiments, to form the backbone of the small but fit military expedition under command of Sir Francis Scott, so much has been done that the whole force, with its commander and his staff, accompanied by two Princes of our royal family, now stands on the river Prah. The voyage from England to Cape Coast Castle, touching perhaps at Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, and at Sierra Leone, is an agreeable change from our winter climate; and those who crowded "the soldiers' deck" on board the *Loanda* going down the Channel, as is shown in our Illustration, or those on board the *Coromandel*, which after serving as a troop-ship has now become a stationary hospital-ship and medical headquarters on the coast, had a good time of it at sea. The *Loanda* disembarked her stores. But on land, from the reports since received, the troops were allowed to lose not an hour of time in pushing forward on the road to the Prah, which is the frontier stream of the British colony, sixty or seventy miles north of Cape Coast Castle. The intermediate stages of the march are at Jaycuma, Takwa, Dunquah, Mansu, Assin-Yancumassi or Inquantu, and Akimfudi, to Prahsu. Beyond the frontier lies the Adansi country, which contributes an allied force, to be commanded by Major Gordon. The neighbouring Denkera tribes are likewise friendly; while farther to the north, along the route to Kumassi or Coomassie, the enemy's capital, we hear favourable reports of the disposition of the Bekwai, and the left flank of the advance will be quite safe from attack, unless the Sefwis resolve to join King Prempeh. To the right, with a dense forest traversed by few streams and almost uninhabited, there is little fear of interruption, but the march will not be delayed a day longer than is needful.

## BRITISH SHIPS IN AMERICAN WATERS.

The question of the Venezuela boundary line now at issue between Great Britain and the United States draws attention to the British ships now in American waters, the chief of which are represented in our Illustration on another page. Truth to tell, regarded as a whole, our ships there are not of a sort to fill one with complete satisfaction, for though some individual ships are splendid types of naval architecture, a far larger number are totally unsuitable for the duty that would be theirs in the unfortunate event of our being involved in a war either with the United States or with any other naval Power.

Battle-ships we have none; they are hardly needed, since a solitary battle-ship would be able to effect nothing till she was joined by ironclads from home. We have a good cruiser as senior-ship on each of our three American naval stations; we ought to have three or four on each, which we well might have since there are plenty of new ships idle at home, and it is of the utmost importance that we should be able to protect our commerce and to destroy hostile cruisers promptly.

Our largest fleet is on the North America and West Indies station, of which the headquarters are Halifax and Jamaica. The *Crescent*, flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Erskine, is a first-class protected cruiser of 7700 tons' displacement, 12,000-horse power, 19.7 knot speed, carrying one 22-ton gun astern, two 6-in. quick-firing guns on the raised forecastle, six more of the same sort amidships on the upper deck, and four others behind armoured sponsons amidships; twelve 6-pounder, five 3-pounder quick-firers, seven machine-guns, and two light guns complete her gun armament. She has also seven torpedo-dischargers, two of them submerged. Lastly, she carries enough coal to steam 10,000 miles at a 10-knot speed. The *Magicienne*, of 2950 tons, once made nineteen knots, but her speed is hardly up to that figure now. She carries six 6-in. guns and ten small quick-firers, and has a steaming radius of 8000 miles. These are our only fast cruisers on the station. The rest of the fleet is made up of the *Canada*, 2380 tons, ten 6-in. guns, a quite obsolete type of vessel, sister-ship to the celebrated *Calliope*, speed twelve knots; and the *Tartar* and *Mohawk*, handy little vessels of 1770 tons, carrying nearly the same armament as the *Magicienne*, and with nominal speeds of ten knots; their steaming radius is, however, scarcely more than half that of the larger ship; the *Buzzard*, sloop, eight guns, and 14-knot "Brassey speed"; the gun-boat *Partridge*, six; the *Pelican*, eight; and *Tourmaline*, twelve. Not one of these vessels is of any fighting value, and the only thing to be said in their

favour is that they are not inferior to foreign vessels on the same station.

On the south-east coast of America we have four ships: the *Retribution*, second-class cruiser of 3600 tons, carrying a quick-fire armament of two 6-in., six 4.7-in., and nine smaller guns, speed close on twenty knots, and an eight thousand-mile radius; the *Barracouta*, with six 4.7-in. quick-firing and four 3-pounder guns; the *Acorn*, a smaller edition of the *Buzzard*; and the *Beagle*, of the same class.

In the Pacific we have Admiral Stevenson's flag-ship *Royal Arthur*, similar in all respects to the *Crescent*; the *Comus*, sister-ship to the *Canada*, and only just sent out; the *Icarus*, a sloop of the *Buzzard* class; the gun-boat *Pheasant*, and two obsolete masted ships, the *Wild Swan* and the *Satellite*. The headquarters of this fleet are at Esquimaux, where there are two torpedo-boats—Nos. 39 and 40—which we purchased during the last Russian war-scare.

## MRS. STIRLING.

This admirable actress, though she had retired from the stage nearly ten years before her death, has left some vivid associations in the minds of many playgoers. She took her farewell at the Lyceum during the first run of "Faust," in which she played Martha. This came as a surprise to

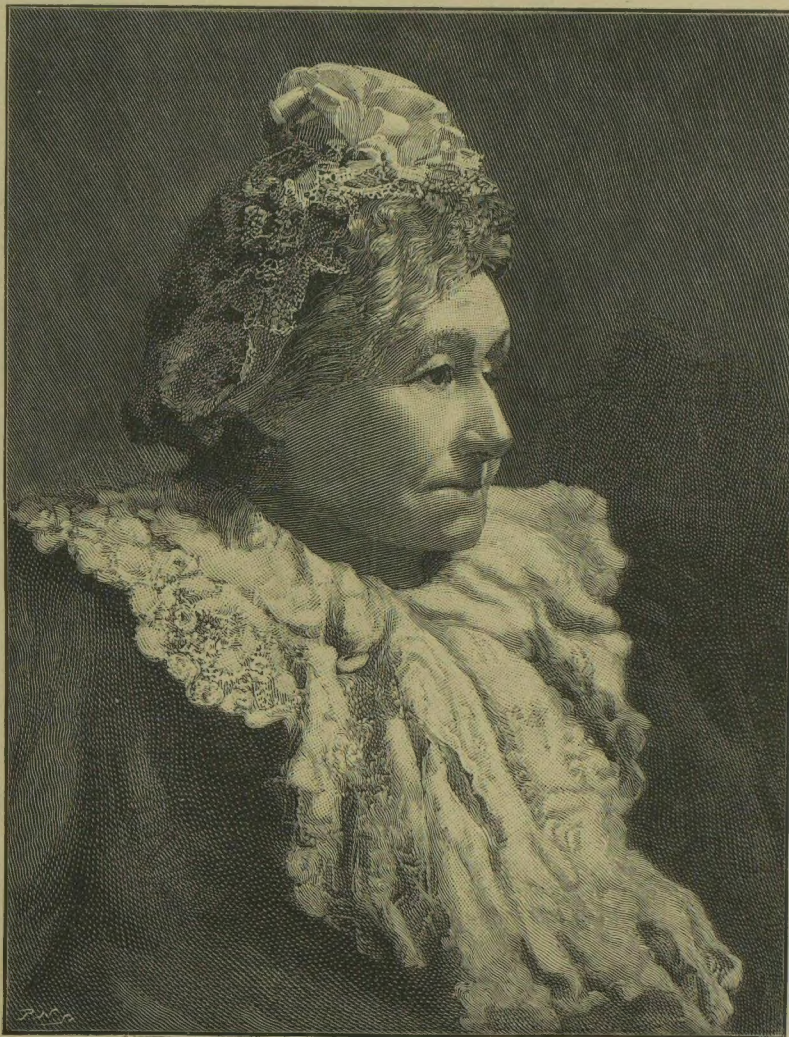


Photo Mr. J. Cassell Smith, Oxford Street.

THE LATE LADY GREGORY (MRS. STIRLING).

the public, for though Mrs. Stirling was then nearly seventy, there had been no sign of failing vigour in the delightful intonations of the foolish old widow who was beguiled by Mephistopheles. About four years previously, Mrs. Stirling had played the Nurse at the Lyceum to Miss Ellen Terry's Juliet, and soon afterwards she stood in the same relation to the Juliet of Miss Mary Anderson at the same theatre. The Nurse was one of her finest impersonations, and the breadth and richness of the comedy made the modern playgoer understand what was meant by the elder Shaksperian school of acting. Yet as far back as 1858 it was thought that Mrs. Stirling's dramatic career was near an end. She used to give readings in the provinces—always an ominous sign of drifting from the stage, and she acquired a unique reputation as a speaker at the dinners of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund. Sixteen years later, however, she was playing in Mr. Pinero's "Lords and Commons" at the Haymarket, and giving a particularly mellow rendering of Mrs. Malaprop. But it was in 1852 that Mrs. Stirling attained the height of her popularity. She was the original Peg Woffington in Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," a part which has never since had so brilliant an exponent. Her Adrienne Lecouvreur was a striking performance, but Mrs. Stirling was in no sense a tragic actress. She was mistress of the higher comedy, of the alternations of humour and pathos; and Charles Reade's heroine, one can easily imagine, gave her opportunities which were rare in the English drama of that period. Mrs. Stirling, who was born in 1816, was the daughter of Captain Hehl, of the Horse Guards. Her first husband was Edward Stirling, at one time stage manager at Drury Lane. A few months

after his death, in 1894, she married Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, the civil engineer, who was her junior by only a couple of years.

## THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME.

In choosing "Robinson Crusoe" for the subject of his pantomime, Mr. Oscar Barrett has not given himself such scope for poetic treatment as upon former occasions. Consequently there will perhaps be some slight sense of disappointment to many. However, the old tale has been cleverly retold by Mr. Horace Lennard, and the result is an entertainment more than commonly dramatic and enlivened by many scenes of happy humour. The beautiful has not been neglected—far from such being the case, the barbaric ballet on the savage island is extraordinary in the richness of its harmonious tones. The costumes may not represent Herr Wilhelm in his most original mood, but they well show his quite matchless gift for combining colours. A great feature of the pantomime is Mr. Charles Lauri, who, as Friday, is exceedingly comic in gestures and grimaces, and remarkably expressive. One rarely in pantomime has such a pleasing heroine as Miss Grace Lane, who uses a charming voice skilfully, is clever as actress, and very pretty as well. In the dancing Mdlle. Zanfretta has the triumph, and her Indian dance is of strange grace and passion, and whilst adopting the method of the great Milanese school she exchanges the orthodox stereotyped smile for an expressiveness of countenance full of charm. A notable performer is little Miss Geraldine Somerset, a pretty child with a surprising skill in gesticulation. Mr. Victor Stevens has, in the part of Mrs. Crusoe, the heaviest burden of all, and he bears it bravely, singing, dancing, and acting with immense energy and much skilful humour. Miss Alice Brookes was a lively Robinson Crusoe, and Miss Susie Vaughan, an actress of considerable value, lent life to a poor part as ship's officer. The scenery has much that is beautiful and novel in effect, and the music, as the name of Mr. Oscar Barrett promises, is excellently chosen and skilfully performed.

## SPORTING AND MILITARY SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

The great building of Olympia was reopened on Boxing Day, under the general management of Sir Augustus Harris, with two performances of a "Sporting and Military Show," produced on a scale of great splendour and most elaborate spectacular effect. The first part of the entertainment is entitled "Peace and Pleasure," and includes under this general title a varied display of cycle-racing, boxing, and wrestling by women athletes, followed by a most realistic representation of scenes on the road to the Derby and on the course itself. The succession of vehicles of all kinds and the heterogeneous elements of the holiday crowd, with its animation and colour, are admirably counterfeited, and the actual racing is no less vividly enacted. Indeed, the illusion of the whole scene is remarkable in its completeness.

The second half of the spectacle offers a sterner picture of military life. The curtain rises on a *gymkhana*, or athletic sports meeting, at Darjeeling, at which every branch of the British and Indian Army is represented. The return of a scouting party breaks up the peaceful games with a call to arms, and the troops march past and depart for Chitral. The scene changes to a mountain pass, where a sharp encounter with the enemy takes place in a blinding snowstorm. The Chitralis blow up a bridge, but the damage is repaired by the Royal Engineers under a heavy fire, and the enemy is beaten back. Chitral Fort is the next scene in the drama. The Chitralis have undermined the fort, but the British troops make a desperate sortie; and the arrival of timely reinforcement leads to the complete destruction of the besiegers. So ends, with three cheers for the Queen, a series of most spirited military scenes. The whole entertainment closes with the saluting of the British flag and the Stars and Stripes of America in an effective tableau. The spectacle is likely to draw large audiences for many a day to come. It certainly deserves a wide popularity. We give on another page some sketches of the chief scenes of the performance. The dramatic display here briefly described is not the only feature of interest in the present show at Olympia, for Sir Augustus Harris has formed a remarkable Palmarium which is to be known as "The Riviera in London." This forms a delightful winter garden laid out amidst palms, bamboos, cacti, and a luxuriance of tropical plants of all kinds, and, in many cases, of notable rarity. The whole collection has been brought from Beaulieu, and is one of great instructive value.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Charles Brookfield has written a very amusing letter disclaiming any idea that his new Shaftesbury play, "A Woman's Reason," is founded either on the "Frou-Frou" of Meilhac and Halévy or on the "East Lynne" of Mrs. Henry Wood. He prefers to go back to the primitive and immortal drama of "Punch and Judy." He is certainly right about "East Lynne," which is the story of a guilty mother who has been turned out of her home and away from her children by an indignant husband, and comes back, disguised as a governess, to nurse her dying child. I do not see a point of resemblance between this and the brilliantly successful play just produced at the Shaftesbury. Nor do I see where "Punch and Judy" comes in. In point of fact this is a bad advertisement for the play, with all due deference to clever Mr. Brookfield. People will expect to see Mr. Lewis Waller flinging that capital little actor,

So far as I can see, however, the similarity to "Frou-Frou" does not spoil the interest of the play to the minority or majority. In fact it has a double interest, for it is not a strained or unwholesome work; it is extremely well written, and it is acted to perfection. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has now more than justified the prophetic utterances that have been made about her. She has had her chance now, and, if I may make a pun, has "come to the top of the Tree." No one should willingly miss the new play at the Shaftesbury. Mrs. Tree, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Charles Coghlan, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Florence West, and the little Stewart Dawson are all as good as they can be.

A stirring military play, acted with very great brilliancy by Mr. William Terriss and his Adelphi companions, is likely to make a little fortune for the enterprising Brothers Gatti. The main incident is the degradation of an English officer, who has been tried by court-martial and condemned for treason in betraying a serious trust to the enemies of England. It is founded, of course, on the Dreyfus incident that made so much stir a short time ago. I believe that

blot. But the difficulty was cleverly tided over by Miss Millward, who for once in her dramatic life is in love with the villain and not the hero. The villain in question is clever Mr. Abingdon, who always manages to find a new and interesting type of scoundrel. Mr. Charles Fulton and Mr. Sass are both excellent, and all Miss Ostlere requires is a little more experience. And what would an Adelphi play be like without the favourite and delightful Harry Nicholls? He is in his element this time as a comic soldier, and doubtless military purists will forgive the sentry scene for the sake of the honest fun that is got out of it by our excellent English comedian. I am told that the most fault-finding military man cannot detect a blunder in the details of the regimental scenes, and that the few slips that occurred on the first night were at once corrected. For instance, no one could quite make out why Lieutenant William Terriss, V.C., who is a Line officer, could be engaged on the plans of the Portsmouth fortifications; or, more important still, why he should want to steal documents that were under his hand every day. In

Lord Bletchley (Mr. C. Brookfield).

Rev. Cosmo Pretious (Mr. H. Kemble).



Lady Bletchley (Miss Carlotta Addison). Hon. Nina Keith (Mrs. Tree).

Stephen D'Acosta (Mr. Lewis Waller).

SCENE FROM "A WOMAN'S REASON," THE NEW PLAY AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

ACT I. "Help me! Pray for me!"

young Stewart Dawson, out of the window, and the realists may be disappointed if they do not see the gallows, a coffin, to say nothing of "the old gentleman" himself. No; there is no "Punch and Judy" tone about the interesting work of Mr. Brookfield and Mr. F. C. Philips, but when we come to "Frou-Frou"—well, that is quite another story. The frivolous Frou-Frou comes in panting and excited after a love gallop in the park. The girl so admirably played by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree comes in excited after her first Drawing-Room. Frou-Frou has a selfish, worldly old scamp of a father called Brigard, who cares for nothing but marrying his child to a rich man. He turns up in the English play, and is rendered to perfection by the author, Mr. Charles Brookfield. Frou-Frou marries a stern, serious man of business who hates a frivolous life. There he is in the person of the athletic Jew, the best thing Mr. Lewis Waller has ever done. Frou-Frou runs away with a plausible, handsome lady-killer. There he is; acted by Mr. Coghlan, and the best bit of acting to be seen now in London. Frou-Frou repents in sorrow, loneliness, and shame. So does the wife of the earnest Jew. But then Frou-Frou dies when she has been forgiven; the Christian martyr, on the other hand, is supposed to "live happily ever after" with her adoring Jew.

the Queen's Regulations do provide for such a punishment, but, in point of fact, it has never been done—or rather, to put it in another way, this terrible punishment has never been found requisite. Men have been drummed out of the army, but officers have not been publicly degraded. However, the scene is permissible, and that is enough. It is wonderfully effective, and naturally is made the most of by Mr. Terriss, who has seldom been more genuinely pathetic than when he breaks his sword across his knee, but refuses to yield up his Victoria Cross. I need not tell you that it is all a mistake, that the poor young Highland subaltern is as innocent of any crime as his old commanding officer, and that he is received back with all the honours that can be bestowed on him. For many a long year the Adelphi has not given its patrons two more effective scenes than the degradation and the restoration, and there is no actor on the stage who could do more for them than Mr. Terriss, who, in revenge for aging himself in "The Swordsman's Daughter," turns up as a boy of two or three and twenty in the new military play. Miss Jessie Millward is also of very great value. She has a very difficult, some may think a disagreeable, part to play, and had it not been handled with great judgment it might have made a serious

"Diplomacy" the plans of "Constantinople" were, it will be remembered, ingeniously stolen by Zicka, who was in the pay of a Russian Ambassador, from the dispatch-box of a young English officer, because she was jealous of the officer's young bride. In this case the woman helps the villain to steal the documents because she is in love with him, he has ruined her, and she wants to be married. The letters A.D.C. opposite to the name of the general officer commanding at Portsmouth mean that he is an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, a very special honour rarely granted to officers of his rank. The Queen has three personal Aides-de-Camp, who are of royal rank, but the majority of the Queen's Aides-de-Camp are officers on the retired list or on half-pay.

Next week I shall have something to say about the gorgeous pantomime on the subject of "Cinderella," prepared for old and young alike by beloved Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane. It is so magnificent that it is impossible to take it all in at one sitting, and no one should forget that Sir Augustus keeps the plums until the last. The transformation scene baffles all description, and I know that I should be sorry to have to pay the costumiers' bills, even if such a thing were possible except by a millionaire.





Scene 1. The Port of Hull.

Scene 3. The Seashore, Early Morning: Friday Throws Himself at Crusoe's Feet.

Scene 5. Crusoe's Home.

Scene 6. A Cave on the Shore.

THE PANTOMIME "ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT THE LYCEUM.



## PERSONAL.

President Krüger is showing some Dutch phlegm in his attitude towards the agitation of the foreign settlers of the Transvaal, who are denied the right of co-operation in the government of the Republic. The Boers, who are in a minority, do not see at present why the immigrant majority should have an opportunity of ruling, and the situation has become rather dangerous, though efforts are made on both sides to prevent an outbreak which might involve the Transvaal in ruin. Probably the financial interests at stake will make calmer counsels prevail.

Mr. John Ansah, otherwise Prince Ansah, one of the Ashanti Envoys lately in England, has admitted at Cape Coast Castle that he resorted to an expedient not unfamiliar to one of the disciples of the late Madame Blavatsky. He made free with King Prempeh's signature, and he used a seal made in England. This method of "precipitating" the Ashanti monarch's authority was of no avail here, so the ingenious Ansah has been moved to make a clean breast of it. Whether his sovereign will appreciate his appearance in the character of a Mahatma is uncertain.

Lord Dunraven has set sail for England, after a very brief stay in New York, and it is understood that he failed to establish his case before the committee of the New York Yacht Club. It is most untoward that this wretched business should have been revived at a time when the relations between England and America are so delicate.

The selection by Mr. Chamberlain, doubtless with Lord Salisbury's special approval, of Sir Augustus Lawson



Photo Maull and Fox.

SIR AUGUSTUS HEMMING.

Hemming, K.C.M.G., to succeed Sir Charles Cameron Lees as Governor of British Guiana, is likely, at the present juncture, to prove convenient both for the Colonial and the Foreign Office views of national policy. Sir Augustus Hemming has never governed a colony before; he has served the

Colonial Office thirty-five years, and has been private secretary to several of its working chiefs—Lord Blachford, Sir Robert Herbert, and Earl Cadogan; but his special performances have been diplomatic, sometimes on commissions relating to disputed territory—at Paris in 1879, 1881, and 1889, and at Berlin in the West African Conference of 1884, and with Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury in 1887 and 1888.

The Constitution of British Guiana is peculiar, with a

"Court of Policy," of ten members, five being official persons nominated by the Governor, the other five nominated by a Board of seven electors, still called by the old Dutch name, "Kiezers," who are themselves elected by a constituency of about two thousand voters with a high property qualification. Such is the legislative body. But the taxes are voted, and the Government expenditure is controlled, by a larger and more representative assembly, the "Combined Court," in which to the members of the Court of Policy are added some others elected by the people. British Guiana, divided into three provinces, named from its main rivers, Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, is one of the most thriving of tropical colonies, equal to Trinidad or the Mauritius, and produces sugar to the annual value of nearly two millions sterling, mostly by the labour of East Indian imported coolies, who return to India with the money they have earned. The goldfields of the Essequibo and Cuyuni employ thousands of men, yielding half a million sterling in one year.

It was a boast of Sir Edward Harland, the member for North Belfast, that he had never been ill; and he may be said to have maintained the record to the end of his life; for he had retired to rest in his usual health the night before he was found dead in bed. Sir Edward was one of the enviable men who have won wealth and honours without losing any friends or making any enemies.



Photo London Stereoscopic Company.

THE LATE SIR EDWARD HARLAND, BART., M.P.

Frederick Leighton, he was the son of a doctor at Scarborough; and at an early age he proceeded to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he learnt engineering under the Stephensons. More than forty years ago he began the career in Belfast which has just closed. It was a comparatively humble beginning, as manager of a small ship-

yard. How it ended all the world knows. Sir Edward himself designed, on the model of a fish swimming, the White Star liners, which have made the name of his firm famous by sea and land. Sir Edward was for some years chairman of the Belfast Harbour Board; he was twice Mayor of the city, and had been sent three times to represent its Northern Division in Parliament. Sir Edward married a Belfast lady, Miss Rosa Wann, in 1860; but to the baronetcy conferred on him in 1885 he leaves no heir.

Sergius Stepniak, who was run over on the railway line at Chiswick, and whose funeral last Sunday attracted

so many speakers and listeners of advanced social views, was born in Russia in 1852. Serge Michaelovitch Kravchinsky, to give his full name, was of noble family, and yet his sympathies with the peasantry were so strong that he was arrested, when an artillery officer, at the age of twenty-one, as a too dangerous democrat. Escaping from his captors, and settling first in Switzerland and then in London, he became the leader of an agitation for the cause of Russian freedom. Many books he wrote, including "Underground Russia" (which has gone through several editions), "The Russian Peasantry," "Russia under the Tsars," "The Russian Storm-Cloud," "The Career of a Nihilist," and "King Stork and King Log," which was issued only a few days before his death. His own interest in literature was large; and he was as good a husband and friend as he held himself to be as a patriot. It is one of the little ironies of life, perhaps, that whereas once he saved his liberty and perhaps his life by running away, he lost his life at last by not escaping a passing engine, despite the driver's cries to him. When last seen he seemed to be lost in his thoughts, and these, no doubt, were for his native land, for when he was killed he was on his way to a neighbour's house to attend a conference of the friends of Russian freedom.

Mr. Thomas B. Reed, with whose name English readers have been made familiar since the Venezuelan difficulty



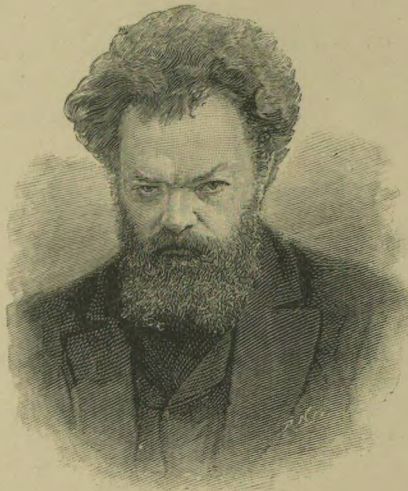
Photo Elmer, Chickering.

THE HON. THOMAS B. REED.

was brought to a crisis by President Cleveland, is generally known in the States as a Congressman with a conscience. A conscience is not always a desirable encumbrance to a politician; and Speaker Reed has always kept himself in touch with his law studies lest, like our Mr. Asquith, he should find himself thrown back on his own resources. "Mr. Reed," we are told by one of his friends, "has no disposition at present to retire to private life, but he realises the uncertainties of politics." Mr. Reed is not a "society" man, but he is a great reader, especially when he is at his summer cottage in Portland, within view of the cloud-capped White Mountains, during the Long Recess of Congress. If a love of literature means a love of England—as authors have made haste to assure the world—Speaker Reed is a person on whom they might look with favour as an arbiter in any difficulties arising between England and the States.

Now that Max Lebaudy is dead, there is a reaction in Paris against the authorities who, in dread of popular opinion, forced the unfortunate little millionaire to perform military duties which hastened his death. Had he been an ordinary person, he would have been relieved from the legal obligation of the service; but for fear of an outcry against favouritism, the doctors would not certify his physical unfitness. A skit in the *Figaro* hits off the situation. A private soldier whose life has been saved with great difficulty is bantered by the doctor about his ravings when in delirium. He actually fancied himself in a position to make costly presents to a lady. The soldier sighs, and says the lady has led him a sad life. "What! You are a millionaire!" exclaims the doctor, "I am." "And I have saved the life of a soldier millionaire! My career is ruined!"

The first number of *Cosmopolis*, the new international review, bears high testimony to the worthy ambition of M. Ortman, the founder and editor. No such comprehensive venture has been seen in periodical literature. In the English department are the names of Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Henry James, Sir Charles Dilke, Edmund Gosse, Henry Norman, and A. B. Walkley. The opening chapters of Stevenson's romance "Weir of Hermiston," on which he was engaged a few hours before his death, are



THE LATE SERGIUS STEPNIAK.

examples of his most brilliant work. Mr. Gosse reviews "Jude the Obscure"; Mr. Lang writes a chronicle of recent English literature; Mr. Henry James begins a story in his best manner; Mr. Walkley deals with the theatre in London; and Mr. Norman surveys the field of foreign politics. In the French department the chief writers are Paul Bourget (with a complete story), Edouard Rod, Anatole France, and Francisque Sarcey. Among the Germans are the names of Mommsen and Spielhagen. In brief, we have in this one number the main current of European ideas; and, sustained at such a level of excellence in three languages, *Cosmopolis* ought to make a wide appeal.

The musical events of the year 1895 have combined to make an interesting musical history during that period, for never before have we been so bitten with the mania of celebrating anniversaries. The celebration of Wagner's birthday and deathday is now an annual affair; and Mr. Schulz-Curtius's imported conductors showed how fine an art they had moulded from the possibilities of conducting. The 125th anniversary of Beethoven's birth was marked with some enthusiasm by Mr. Manns at Sydenham and by Mr. Henschel at the St. James's Hall. There has been the customary bevy of violinists and pianists to claim our applause and our suffrages. Of the pianists, Herr Reisenauer and Herr Rosenthal have carried away the best promise of future celebrity; and among violinists, Miss Irma Sethe has certainly achieved no unenviable reputation. The death of Sir Charles Hallé has taken from us a successful conductor and a delicately refined musician. Then there are also our Purcell Celebrations to note, and the Gloucester and Leeds Festivals. The last-named probably surpassed all the former festivals of that town for pure beauty of effect.

A vacancy in the Royal Society, of which he was a Fellow, is caused by the death of Mr. John Russell

Hind, LL.D., which took place at Twickenham, in his seventy-third year. The son of a Nottingham lace manufacturer, who had been one of the first users of the Jacquard loom, he was sent to London in 1840 to make civil engineering his career. But all his tastes were towards astronomy, and thanks to Professor Wheatstone, he was appointed assistant in the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory. Thenceforward his career was one of continuous labour and equally continuous credit and success. He wrote his book on "The Solar System" in 1846; and then set forth as an explorer of the heavens. For the first planet he discovered the King of Denmark gave him a gold medal. He it was who first sighted Victoria, Irene, Melpomene, Fortuna, Calliope, Thalia, Euterpe, and Urania. No fewer than four of these new planets he discovered in one year. He had well deserved what he received from his own country—the gold medal of the Astronomical Society and a pension of £200 a year; and what he received from France—the Lalande Medal three times over, and some prize money. He published his "Astronomical Vocabulary" in 1852, "The Illustrated London Astronomy" in 1853; his "Elements of Algebra" in 1855, and his "Descriptive Treatise on Comets" in 1857. For a long time Dr. Hind superintended the Nautical Almanac Office, and he was elected in 1880 to be President of the Royal Astronomical Society.

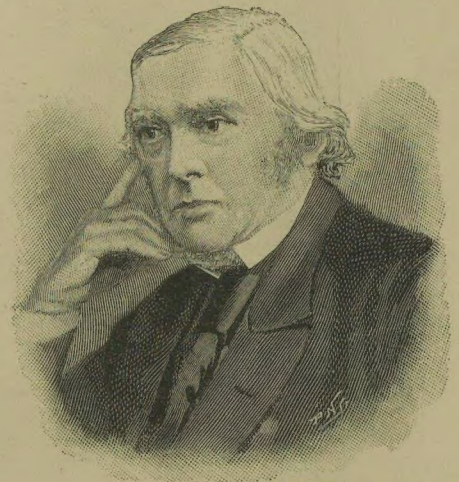


Photo Maull and Fox.

THE LATE DR. RUSSELL HIND.

Dr. George H. Kidd, by whose death Dublin loses one of its most renowned surgeons, was born in Armagh in



Photo Chancery, Dublin.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE KIDD.

1824, and was of Scottish descent. More than fifty years ago he became first a Licentiate and then a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, as well as a Gold Medalist of the Medical School of the University of Edinburgh. After eight years of service as Lecturer and Demonstrator in Anatomy in the Dublin School, he devoted himself to the practice of his profession, especially to the obstetric branch of it. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland; and Boston, Berlin, Washington, and Edinburgh placed his name on their rolls of honour. Personal marks of esteem came to him no less freely than these professional tributes to his skill.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has passed the Christmas quietly at Osborne, with Princess Beatrice and her children and the Duchess of Albany. The Prince and Princess of Wales had all the members of their family, including the Duke and Duchess of Fife, to keep Christmas with them at Sandringham. The Duchess of York and her infant son are well. The Prince of Wales has gone to Lowther Castle on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale. Prince Nicholas of Greece has left England.

The Queen at the beginning of the New Year has bestowed honours and titles of rank upon many distinguished men, to whom let us here present our sincere congratulations. Mr. Alfred Austin is appointed Poet Laureate; Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs, formerly Governor of the Bank of England, are created Peers. Baronetcies are conferred upon Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Sir John Arnott, Sir W. T. Lewis, Mr. W. Coddington, M.P., Mr. Thomas Board, and Colonel Charles Seely. Mr. Henry Hamilton Johnstone, Commissioner for British Central Africa, is made a Knight of the Bath; Lord Wenlock, Governor of Madras, and Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Brackenbury, K.C.B., Knights of the Star of India, also two Indian native Ministers, Knights of the Indian Empire; Mr. Philip Oakley Fysh, of Tasmania, and Mr. W. C. Twynam, of Ceylon, Knights of St. Michael and St. George; and Knighthood is also given to Colonel Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., Mr. Charles Hamond, M.P., Mr. Robert Martin Craven, Dr. Willoughby Wade, M.D., Professor Joseph Prestwich, Mr. John S. Goldie-Taubman, of the Isle of Man, Mr. F. C. Farrer, Chief Justice of Bombay, and Mr. Lyttelton Holyoake Bayley, a Bombay Judge, Mr. Henry P. Crease, a Canadian Judge, Mr. S. Lewis (a negro gentleman) of Sierra Leone, Mr. W. J. Smith, Chief Justice of Cyprus, and Mr. J. S. Smith, late Chief Justice of Lagos. Companionships of several different Orders are granted in reward of official services.

Mr. Gladstone, who was eighty-six years of age on Dec. 29, crossed the Channel on Saturday, from Folkestone to Boulogne, with Mrs. Gladstone, and arrived at Biarritz at seven o'clock next morning. He has received many letters and telegrams congratulating him on his birthday.

The Duke of Bedford has liberally remitted fifty per cent. of the farmers' rents due this Christmas on his Woburn Abbey and Ampthill estates, and has also undertaken to build schools for the parish of Battlesden at his own cost.

Christmas in London, despite of gloomy and damp weather, maintained its customary character. The churches and chapels drew their usual congregations; many preachers alluded to the Armenian and to the American crises, denouncing cruelty in the East, deprecating a quarrel in the Western hemisphere. The hospitals, asylums, charity schools, and workhouses got up festivities, decorations, dinners, and amusements to cheer the inmates of those institutions.

On the western coasts of these islands, but especially in the Irish Sea, a prolonged gale of wind, accompanied with sleet, on Dec. 24 and 25, caused serious marine disasters. In Dublin Bay a life-boat going out from Kingstown Pier to rescue the crew of a vessel in distress was capsized while under sail, and seventeen brave men were drowned. The ship *Moresby*, of Liverpool, bound from Cardiff to South America, was wrecked on the shore near Dungarvan; and another ship, name as yet unknown, at Toehead, on the coast of county Cork, where all the crew perished. Several fishing-boats and small vessels have been lost on the eastern coasts of England and Scotland. At Shields the schooner *Rupert* was capsized, with the loss of seven lives. The Queen has sent a message of sympathy to the widows and children of the Kingstown life-boat crew.

A gas explosion on board H.M.S. *Repulse*, one of the Channel Squadron lying in dock at Chatham on Dec. 24, occasioned much alarm, and severely injured five or six men in the engine-room. The fittings of the ship were considerably damaged.

The metropolitan constituency of Brixton will have to elect a new Parliamentary representative in consequence of the Marquis of Carmarthen becoming Duke of Leeds.

The revenue returns are most favourable, showing a net increase of £2,152,832 in the past quarter, compared with the corresponding part of the preceding year; and a net increase of six millions for three-quarters of the present financial year, which ends in April next. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a larger surplus than any Government has had for twenty years past.

The last week of the year, in our own country and on the Continent of Europe, has been a seasonable pause from domestic political demonstrations. Our own Cabinet Ministers have been keeping Christmas at country houses, but Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield, must have enough to think of just now, when foreign complications in different parts of the world present grave topics of anxiety for the British statesman. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, in letters dated on the day before Christmas Day, have referred especially to the Armenian question. We cannot yet report any manifest approach to its effectual solution. The insurgents collected at Zeitoun, where they seized the barracks and arms of the Turkish garrison, are still closely besieged by a large body of troops under command of Mustapha Bomzi Pasha, who has occupied all the surrounding mountain passes, cutting off every communication with other Armenian districts. On Saturday, Dec. 28,

the Ambassadors of the six European Powers at Constantinople, representing Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy, held a meeting and offered to the Porte their mediation for the surrender of the Zeitoun insurgents, if their lives and families might be spared; the European Consuls at Aleppo were to be sent to conduct this mediation. They are now awaiting a reply from the Sultan. It is said that two thousand five hundred of the Armenians fighting at Zeitoun have already been killed, and probably the Turkish army has sustained an equal loss; the conflict seems almost desperate, and is the only instance, so far as we know, of a combined and determined local resistance to the overwhelming military force of the Sultan's Government. No fresh massacres or wholesale cruelties and outrages perpetrated on the Armenian people have been reported within the last few days; but a detailed account of the Turkish atrocities which took place at Kala Hissar towards the end of October has been published, reviving the sentiments of horror, compassion, and indignation so largely felt in civilised Europe.

The extreme financial and administrative disorder of the Turkish Empire, with the personal incapacity of Sultan Abdul Ahmed as a ruler, must especially tend to defeat the best efforts of the Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers of Europe, acting in sincere and cordial union to promote needful reforms and to restore tranquillity in the Asiatic provinces. But a sinister suspicion has now arisen, which we hope will not be confirmed by facts, that Russia and Turkey have a secret understanding to exclude the intervention of the other Powers. Such rumours in a

Venezuela and British Guiana. It has apparently escaped notice that the appointment of such a Commission, which can never be recognised by the British Government, is utterly inconsistent with the demand for international arbitration.

Lord Salisbury, it will be remembered, has been as willing as any preceding British Ministers to go with Venezuela to arbitration concerning that portion of the territory which lies beyond the line that Lord Aberdeen offered to concede fifty years ago, and which Lord Rosebery, so lately as 1886, offered as the basis of a negotiation. The Venezuela Minister, however, Señor Guzman Blanco, then declined Lord Rosebery's offer, and broke off the negotiations, which have not since been resumed; and in October of that year the boundary officially surveyed by Sir Robert Schomburgk in 1840 was proclaimed by the British Government. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Lord Aberdeen, in 1844, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Sir Robert Peel's Government, "out of friendly regard to Venezuela," offered to give up a certain part of the territory within Schomburgk's line, towards the northern sea-coast, drawing the line inland from the mouth of the river Morucca, near Cape Nassau, instead of from Barima, which is situated about forty leagues to the north-west. A line drawn from the Waini River, to meet the Schomburgk boundary line at the Imitataka Mountains, would not be objectionable; but the Venezuelan claims are preposterous, embracing all the interior west of the Essequibo, the whole basin of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni, now found to contain goldfields, and fully one-third of the territory of British Guiana as we received it from the Dutch in 1814. The publication in the *Daily Chronicle*, on Monday, Dec. 30, of several old maps of that region, with a brief analysis of two Dutch historical works, one by Hartsinck, printed in 1770 at Amsterdam, the other by General Netscher in 1888, at the Hague, and their comparison with Sir Robert Schomburgk's investigations from 1838 to 1840, is an important service rendered to this controversy, Hartsinck's work being difficult for ordinary English students to procure, and few being readers of Dutch. It leads to the conclusion that Schomburgk's definition of the ancient limits of Dutch Guiana was justified, except with regard to the starting-point on the coast at Barima, which will not be insisted upon.

There is alarming news from South Africa on the first day of the New Year, that the party of "Uitlanders," or men of English, German, and other foreign birth in the Transvaal, who nearly equal the Boers in number, have taken up arms to overthrow the Government of President Paul Krüger, and that Dr. Jameson, the Resident Director of the British South African Company's administration in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, has led an armed company of five hundred volunteers to assist in this forcible revolution. We hope the latter part of this news may not be confirmed.

## THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

The appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin as Poet Laureate is included among the New Year honours. So far back as our issue of Nov. 9 we gave our reasons for believing that Mr. Austin was by far the most qualified representative of English poetry to fill the post occupied by Wordsworth and by Tennyson. The wearer of the Laureate crown must have a keen feeling for Greater Britain and a profound loyalty to the Sovereign. One would have searched in vain among poets of our day to have found these qualifications more adequately represented than by Mr. Austin. Greater singers we undoubtedly have amongst us, but no more refined and cultivated representative of English poetic literature.

Mr. Alfred Austin was born at Headingley, near Leeds, in 1835. His father was a merchant and magistrate of Leeds. He was educated at Stonyhurst, and afterwards at St. Mary's College, Oscott, from which it will be seen that, in common with another distinguished poet of our day—Mr. Coventry Patmore—he is a member of the Church of Rome. At the age of eighteen he published his first poem, "Randolph," and the first volume of verse which bore his name, "The Season: a Satire," appeared in 1861. "The Human Tragedy," "Madonna's Child," "Savonarola," and "English Lyrics" are some of his best-known volumes of verse, of which a collected edition was published in 1892 in six volumes. Like one of his predecessors, with whom he has many points in common—Robert Southey—Mr. Austin has been a prolific writer of prose as well as of poetry, and has taken part in many controversies of the day. He has been a frequent contributor to the *Standard* and to the *Quarterly Review*, and journalists may have pleasure in the remembrance that he has edited the *National Review*. Perhaps one of his most delightful prose books is "The Garden that I Love," a charming description of his own residence at Swinford Old Manor, in Kent. Altogether, alike in prose and poetry, he has shown—as a brother-poet, Mr. William Watson, has said, with equal judgment and generous appreciation—"the underlying sentiment and enthusiasm for England's greatness and for whatever is splendid and heroic in our rude island's story."

The *Times* relates the fact that about fifteen years ago, when Mr. Alfred Austin was at Delphi, a Greek priest tore from a tree in full flower (the month was May) a branch of bay, and gave it to him. When Lord Tennyson died Mr. Austin sent this branch to Aldworth as his tribute, and it was placed in the coffin with Lady Tennyson's roses and a volume of Shakspeare.

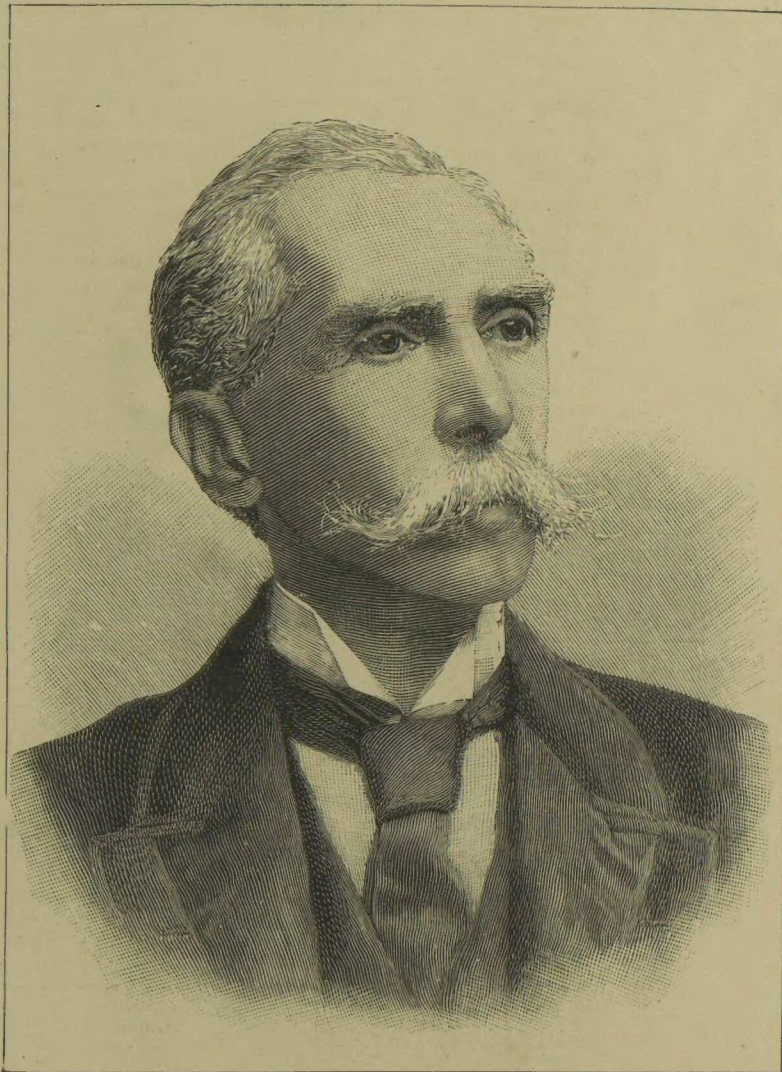


Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

capital city which is the centre of eager diplomatic rivalry and intrigue cannot be safely relied upon. The Sultan has sent to the Czar Nicholas II. a complimentary gift of a pair of fine horses and a quantity of choice Turkish tobacco. A Russian commercial syndicate has applied, with the support of the Russian Embassy, for the lucrative concession of a monopoly of the sale of petroleum, which is one of the most valuable products of the Caspian shore. The sum of £250,000 annually is offered for this concession, and it is stipulated that a share of that revenue shall go towards paying the long arrears of interest on the war indemnity debt of Turkey to Russia since 1878. These facts are cited by the Constantinople correspondent of the *Standard* as confirming the belief in a separate treaty between the Sultan's Government and that of the Russian Empire.

With feelings greatly relieved from a threatened calamity which would have been disastrous to the more than a hundred millions of mankind who speak the English tongue and inherit English habits and institutions, we testify our belief that the United States of America do not mean to go to war with us. President Grover Cleveland and the "Democratic" party, in view of their political campaign for the near Presidential Election, with the multitude of their newspaper supporters who have quickly endorsed the President's sudden Message of menace to Great Britain upon a matter which does not concern the United States in any way, do not seem to have obtained much assurance of firm support by the nation. The President has invited several highly respectable persons, Mr. E. J. Phelps, of Vermont, and Mr. Robert Lincoln, of Illinois, both formerly representatives of the United States Government in London, and Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme Court, or Chief Justice Brewer, to form the Commission which should determine the boundary line of

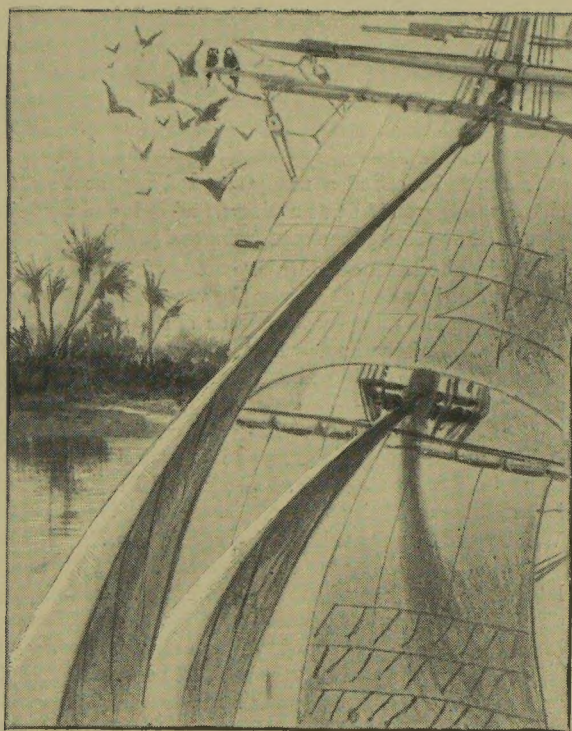




OFF TO ASHANTI.—THE "LOANDA" GOING DOWN CHANNEL: THE SOLDIERS' DECK.

Sketched by our Special Artist Mr. Seppings Wright.





# A FIRST FLEET FAMILY.

by Louis Becke.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures  
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## CHAPTER I.

SOLCOMBE.

TO you, my dear children, who have as yet experienced no privations and know not the true dreadfulness of a life of great hardship, I leave this record of your father's early career. May it serve to bring to your minds, when those about you too readily judge harshly of their fellow-men, that all, even the humblest and poorest, may, if they steadily do their duty, rise to a comfortable station in life and win the respect of those whose respect is worth the winning.

That you may be able to follow your father's fortunes from his earliest youth down to that happy time when he was able to return from his foreign adventures and settle, a prosperous man, in his native country, I have added to my diary such particulars as my now failing memory and the recollections of my old comrades supply me with.

In the old family Bible which, as children, has so often afforded you, with its pictures, a pleasant and proper Sunday afternoon's entertainment, you will find on that leaf where your names are written this entry—

*William Dew, born February 28, 1764.*

It would be no good for me to pretend to be younger than I am, for, with the excellent schooling you have had, you could very easily cypher out my age. Your grandfather was a good, honest farmer, with a fine turn for smuggling—as who had not in our little village in those days? In truth, as is well known, smuggling was carried on among all conditions of people who lived on the English coast and in the Isle of Wight; not only the fishermen but the small farmers, and even the big squires and landed gentry—some of whom held his Majesty's Commission of the Peace—had a hand in the contraband trade. Indeed, if all we hear be true, the art of landing a keg of good brandy under the noses of the Preventive Service is not yet lost upon the island.

Let me try and describe Solcombe as it was in those days, and you can see for yourselves if it has as much altered as the men and women are changed who live in it.

Solcombe—where some of you, as well as your father and grandfather, were born—lies at the back of the Wight, which is the side of the island nearest to the French coast, and when I was a boy the farms thereabout ran down almost to the water's edge—that is to say, to the ledges of the high chalk cliffs which formed a boundary-wall and shut out the sea from sight, though in heavy weather its salt spray was flung high upward in drenching showers upon the gardens of the villagers. On a rough winter's night in the Channel, the roar of the breakers, as they smote the steep-to cliffs in all their unchecked fury, would shake the houses of the village, and strike terror to the hearts of those women in Solcombe—and there were many—who had their menfolk away at sea. Sometimes—especially when the force of the wind had broken a bit—the wild clamour of the beating surf could be heard half-way across to the other side of the island. Beating like this for ages against the cliffs, the sea had hollowed out of them many a dark and winding cavern, some of which ran far back into the very bowels of the land. And on both sides of Solcombe every little inlet and indentation on the coast-line gave a harbour to the smugglers for running their cargoes; and the natural caves provided glorious warehouses for French brandy and bales of fine silk and other gear sought after by grand ladies who cared but little that such things sometimes cost blood and death, besides the money paid for them. In these caves the smuggled goods would remain till favourable opportunity came for either selling them on the island or sending

them away across the Solent to where they would be quickly disposed of to people who lived by smuggling alone.

Difficult of access by land—save in rare cases—and familiar only to the dwellers in their near vicinity even by sea, these smugglers' storehouses were seldom discovered by the Preventive Service men; but occasionally an informer would betray the intention of the smugglers to run a cargo, and then, perhaps, a desperate fight would follow, and more than one poor fellow would lose his life doing his duty, and a few prisoners would be manacled and gyved, and marched away and committed to Winchester Jail.

George the Third was King in those days, and the war with the rebellious American colonists was looming up,

though no one, as I have since heard, ever thought it would prove such a great and disastrous conflict as it did.

Father had a great notion of giving me some schooling, for he was something of a scholar himself, having in his young days been taught a good deal above his station; and so I was kept at the village school till I grew to be quite a strapping fellow, and was full sixteen years of age.

The old schoolmaster had at one time been a soldier, and was always telling us boys about the doings at the wars. He had fought with Marlborough in more than one battle, and was very proud of a scar from a bayonet-thrust through his leg. Sometimes at the village inn, where the talk would turn upon the wars that were then going on, he would say to those present that, though it ill-becomed



*I was walking moodily along the ledge of one of the high cliffs, looking out seawards.*



him at his age to boast, yet could he give them ocular demonstration that he had served his country and received honourable wounds; and then, after some little coaxing, he would show the calf of his right leg and condescend to drink a pint of ale with the company to the toast of "God save his Majesty, and confusion to his enemies."

Those were stirring times, for old England was fighting the Spaniards and the French and the Dutch, besides having on her hands the rebellion of the American colonies and the riots in London. And so it came about that, seeing my head had got stuffed full of silly notions of soldiering and going abroad to fight the King's battles, my father took me from school and set me to help on the farm in the hope that in following the plough I should forget all about the glory of a red coat and white cross-belts and the rattle of the drum. My mother died just about that time. She was always ailing, and I am afraid that anxiety about me hastened her end, for she was terribly cut up at the way I was bitten with the craze for going a-soldiering.

Even now, after such long, long years, I can sometimes see her face, so rough and wrinkled with care, yet so full of tenderness and love, as she clasped my hands in hers, with the death-shadows deepening upon her features and a strange yearning look in her fading eyes that brought a quick gush of tears to mine. Her last words to anyone on earth were spoken to me, for after she had, with failing strength, placed her hand upon my father's head as he knelt beside her, she turned to me, and with her last breath murmured: "And God keep you, my son." Then she gave a long, heavy sigh and closed her eyes for ever.

After the shock of my mother's death had somewhat worn off I turned again to my work upon the farm, but the only effect that following the plough had upon my mind was to make me continually ponder upon the subject of my wishes all the more. I was in great doubt as to which of two ways of serving the King and gratifying my inclinations was the shortest road to glory—whether it was better to go to sea and fight the Spaniards and French under such a man as Rodney, and return to my native village with a pocket full of prize-money, or to seek honour and fortune with the land forces under our Generals in the Americas.

## CHAPTER II.

### MARY BROAD.

Thus a year or two went by, and I grew less and less inclined to work honestly on the farm, and father grew more and more dissatisfied with me. Sometimes it was in my mind to take a boat over to Portsmouth and put myself in the way of the press-gangs, and thus get sent to sea in such a way that father would be made to believe that it was through no fault of mine; but yet, I thank God, I reflected that, whatever father might think, my conscience would give me no rest for acting such a lie.

It was about this time that Mary Broad became lady's maid to Miss Fairfax, the daughter of the Squire of Solcombe, and I, foolish lad, fell in love with Mary the first time I saw her, and thus, with my love for going a-soldiering and love for her, my mind was in anything but a proper condition.

Squire Fairfax lived at Solcombe Manor House, and was the great man in that neighbourhood. He was a widower, with one son and one daughter, and in appearance was a fine portly man, with a keen blue eye and a face that showed his generous heart and hasty temper. The son, Charles Fairfax, was a lieutenant in the Marines at the time that Mary Broad went to live at the Manor House, and I was very jealous of the effect his red coat and gold lace would be likely to have upon the girl.

Mary's father was a young French officer who had been taken prisoner and confined, with several others, in Porchester Castle on the mainland. He was a lieutenant in a Breton regiment, and the Solcombe folks, when he came to live among them, much as they disliked foreigners, said he was a fine, big, handsome man, and he quickly made friends with the Solcombe people when he was released. As he came of a Huguenot family, no one was surprised at a Solcombe girl falling in love with and marrying him. Yet, such is religious prejudice that when he died, soon after his daughter's birth, the village folks said it was a judgment upon his wife for marrying a man who, although a Protestant, was yet a foreigner. His proper name was not Broad, but this is what his English neighbours made of it, and so, after a time, the family were known as the Breads, and Mary always wrote her name in this way. After her husband's death, Mary's mother got a living by her needle, sewing for the fine ladies who were friends of and visited the Fairfax family, and contrived to give her daughter some little education, as education went in those days. Then they came over and settled at Newport, and Mrs. Broad opened a little shop, in which Mary sewed and in which I used to spend a great deal of my pocket-money, for no other reason than for the pleasure of being served by so fair and sweet-looking a young shopwoman.

Old as I am now, I have never forgotten her strangely handsome face and graceful figure. She was so different from the other young girls round about that her manner, as well as her beauty, attracted notice. Her father was, as I have said, a very handsome man, and she had all his dark eyes and hair, and quick, short manner of speech, and even to Squire Fairfax she preserved a demeanour that,

while not quite wanting in respect to such a gentleman, was yet by no means sufficiently humble and proper for one in her condition of life.

Miss Charlotte Fairfax was a spoilt young lady in those days, with a great will of her own; and her father was so bounden to her by his great affection that she could do as she liked with him. One day when she was in Newport, she went into Mrs. Broad's shop to purchase some lace or suchlike women's fal-lal, and caught sight of Mary.

"Mercy me!" says she, "what a pretty girl! And, pray, who are you, child? And where do you come from?"

Now, the word "child" was not to Mary's liking, for she tossed her head and gave no pleasant answer, although she knew who it was who spoke to her. Then Mrs. Broad stepped into the shop and explained who they were, and the upshot of it was that Mary went into service at the Manor House as lady's-maid to Miss Charlotte, and in a few weeks began to look more beautiful than ever, by reason of the better garments that her mistress clothed her with.

The Squire's daughter was then about two-and-twenty years of age and Mary eighteen. The young lady was a fair-haired and blue-eyed beauty, with a great many silly notions in her head, and a fine contempt for the country life she was leading, and the few opportunities it afforded her to show off the airs and graces she had learned from her grand cousins who lived in London.

She soon made a confidant of Mary, and, indeed, treated her more as a friend than a servant; and I believe that Mary's natural resolution and serious, determined nature soon dominated Miss Charlotte's weaker character, and that in name only was pretty, yellow-haired Miss Fairfax her mistress.

Indeed, 'twas this strong, determined nature of hers that made Mary Broad go through so much future misery with calm, unswerving fortitude for Will Bryant—as you will see before I come to the end of this journal.

The Bryants were well known in Solcombe, although they lived a few miles from the village. They came of Irish folk, and were not much liked in the neighbourhood, for the Isle of Wighters thought that the Bryants, being Irishers, must be in secret sympathy with the French; and, as was natural and proper, we hated the French in those days, and were active in showing it, too. Why, I remember, long years afterwards, when there came some fear of Bonaparte landing on the south coast and conquering the country, and making us either turn Papists or let our throats be cut, we formed volunteer companies—that is, we served without pay—to defend the island. There is a story that one day a poor monkey that some sailor had brought home from foreign parts was given by him to an inn-keeper in payment for his score. The creature escaped and was captured late at night somewhere near Shanklin by some ignorant rustics, and hanged in the belief that the poor animal was a French spy. Of course this story may not be true, and I have my doubts about it; but, however that may be, we were very jealous in our hatred of the French, and, indeed, of people who were suspected of having sympathy with them; and the Isle of Wight rustics to the present day are very ignorant. Fortunately the Bryants were Protestants, and, by reason of this, were not so much suspected and disliked as they would have been had they been Papists, and just at this particular time we did not happen to be quite so bitter against the French and had not the fear of Bonaparte attempting a landing as we had later on.

The Bryant family—father, mother, and two sons—were either always smuggling or poaching, and the eldest son, William—the only one who has anything to do with this narrative—was the most notorious and daring smuggler on the island. He pretended to get his living as a waterman plying between Ryde and Portsmouth, but precious little work he did in that way. But—and this galled my jealous mind greatly—he had served a commission in a King's ship at one time, and had been one of a cutting-out party which captured a big French privateer belonging to St. Malo as she lay at anchor off the French coast. Many a yarn he would tell of his adventures, and this and his fine figure and great strength made him very popular with men and women both. And then, besides, he was a man ever free with his money, and I believe that this had much to do with the hold he gained upon the affections of Mary Broad.

One autumn afternoon in the year 1786 I was walking moodily along the ledge of one of the high cliffs, looking out seawards and thinking what I would give to be the captain of a frigate that was in sight bowling down Channel before a nine-knot breeze, when, as I turned my eyes landward again, I saw Mary coming towards me.

"Ah," thought I, "to be Captain William Dew, R.N., and to have Mary to wife! What more could man desire?" and then I hastened towards her.

I saw by the turn of her eye that she was not over pleased to see me, for she made as if to walk away in the other direction, but I hastened towards her, and seeing this she waited for me.

"Are you frightened of me, or do you dislike me so much that you cannot even stop to speak to me, Mary?" I asked; and the figure of Will Bryant being in my mind made me speak somewhat wrathfully.

"Frightened, indeed, William Dew!" quoth she, and her black eyes flashed and sparkled angrily, "a nice goose I should be to be frightened of a big boy like you."

"Well, do you dislike me? And if I am but a big boy, you need not turn away because you happen to see me."

"No, I don't dislike you. Why should I? But frightened, indeed!" And again she tossed her pretty little head, and drew tighter over her shoulders her scarlet cloak. "Girls like me are not frightened at overgrown boys who spend their days following their father's plough, drink skim milk instead of good honest ale, and are regular ninnies."

Now, to be called a ninny angered me, so I answered sharply that even if I was a ninny, and followed my father's plough, it was better than smuggling and pretending to work.

Her white teeth shone from between her bright red lips in a scornful smile. "Oh, you are very honest, I dare say; but if I were a man I wouldn't be such a coward as to be frightened to help land a cargo: at any rate, I wouldn't stop all my life idling about a little village. I'd go and see the world like—"

"Like Lieutenant Fairfax, and come back with gold lace on my coat and make love to my sister's pretty maid."

"No, I don't mean Mr. Fairfax, and I am sure if I did it would be no business of yours. I was going to say like Will Bryant; so don't be so sharp, Mr. Dew."

This was the way we always talked when we had met lately, for I was very jealous; but I was no match for her at talking; and where, indeed, is the man who can match himself against a woman when the tongue is the weapon?

Of course you will understand that in such a small place as Solcombe everyone knew his neighbour's business, and the women-folk of our village were ever ready to tell stories of one another; but 'tis the same everywhere, even in London. However, be that as it may, it was the regular talk of the village that young Mr. Fairfax had been seen more than once making love to his sister's maid; and though everyone supposed he was only idling, yet they all said that Mary took him seriously. Now, since those days I have seen much of the world, and I do not think that one should always believe what women say of one another, especially where men's names are mentioned; but yet, at that time, I did suffer much mental tribulation as to whether Mary cared for the lieutenant as well as for Will Bryant—for of Will I did think she thought over much, and so, indeed, did others besides me, for the village folk said that Will had gained her heart, and that she only tolerated the lieutenant until the handsome young smuggler was ready to take her to his home.

When first Mary went to the Manor House she had walked out with me more than once, and given me some slight encouragement, but it only lasted a week or two, until Will Bryant came along, and then I saw my chance of gaining her heart was very doubtful. Pretty Miss Charlotte Fairfax, as I afterwards learned, had much to do with this, for she was always telling Mary what a fine, brave fellow this dare-devil Bryant was, and how it was a great thing for so young a man to have spitted two French privateersmen, one after another, as he had done, when they cut out the St. Malo privateer. And, truth to say, it was no wonder the women admired him, for he was a big, strapping, handsome man, and, for his skill in a boat, exceeded by no man on the island.

But I resolved that afternoon to have it out with Mary; and so, presently, I went on, "You must forgive me, Mary, but I can't bear to see you so friendly with a man whose father holds his head so high as old Squire Fairfax. You know that nothing can ever come of it—the old Squire would never allow it; and, Mary dear, I can't bear to think of the unkind things people are sure to say if they see you together so often."

"Well, I am sure, William Dew! How dare you preach to me in such a way, as if I were a silly child?"

"Mary, you know why I talk to you so. You know I love you dearly. If, when you gave me the cold shoulder for the sake of Will Bryant, I had thought he was worthy of you, I would have broken my heart before I would have spoken as I have done; but now that you speak as if you had thrown him over, as you threw me over for him, just because this gold-laced dandy has chosen to play with you, I must speak to you and speak for your good."

She took a step forward, and her eyes danced and sparkled with angry fire. "William Dew, I will never speak to you as long as I live. I will never forgive you your impudence. Love me, indeed! Throw you over, indeed! Why, you silly, loutish goose, I never thought anything of you! You clodhopping milksop, Will Bryant is worth a dozen of you! Go away like he has done and fight for your country, and try to come home and say that you, too, cut down two bigger men than yourself, as he has done—then you can have something to talk about. And if you don't come back with a gold-laced coat, you can, at any rate, be thought a man. No girl with any spirit wants to talk to you now. So now, William Dew!" and she turned away with a truly fierce look upon her handsome face.

"One word, Mary. Would you think better of me if I volunteered and served a commission in the Service? Do you think I should have any chance when I came back?"

"As to chances, William Dew, I shan't say anything, because a girl don't know her mind for long, you know. But if even you had the courage to be a man and see the world, why, of course, everyone would think a great deal more of you."

Then Mary turned her head and walked away, and left me to ponder on her words. Those words led to most of



my misfortunes, for though, poor girl! I know now she only meant them to give me some sort of proper spirit, I took them as an encouragement of another kind, and forthwith resolved to try and be a man more to her liking; and, as I have said before, this led to my undoing.

## CHAPTER III.

## I AM PERSUADED BY WILL BRYANT TO BECOME A MAN OF METTLE.

I had now quite determined to enlist in the Army or join the Navy at the very first opportunity that presented itself, for the taunting words of Mary Broad had more than ever inflamed my mind in the matter. And, so that I might become something of a man of the world and rub off some of my rustic simplicity, I began to spend my evenings in the ale-houses near Solcombe and study the loud talk and manners of those that frequented them.

One evening I was in a tavern at Ryde where I met Will Bryant. We fell a-talking, and in a while our talk came round to Mary Broad. Although I was so jealous of Bryant, he was such a big, good-natured, if idle and dissolute fellow, that I could not feel very bitter towards him, and the pint or two of ale that he gave me to drink made my tongue somewhat loose. He understood how the land lay with me, and, so far from resenting my admiration for his dark-eyed sweetheart, he seemed to feel a pity for me. Perhaps this was because he regarded me but as an overgrown boy, and so, after some little talk, we grew confidential, and before we parted had become quite friendly.

It came about in this way. Will asked me if I had seen Mary of late, "For," said he, with a good-natured smile, "she may have taken more kindly to you this last week or two. I know that the wench has deserted me for a long while."

Then, all the while in a great fear lest I should rouse his temper and feel the weight of his hand and lead to mischief between him and the other, I told him how Mary was carrying on with young Fairfax.

He leaned back and squared his great chest, and laughed heartily and said, "Oh, I know what the jade is after. I don't mind that a bit. Young Fairfax is as honest a gentleman as ever lived; and look you, William Dew," and there came a curious look in his eye,

"Mary is as good a girl as is in the world. 'Tis only harmless fun they are having, though I know that Master Fairfax really fancies himself in love with the girl, and would marry her to-morrow morning if he could get to windward of the old man and talk him into giving his consent. And that he is as likely to get as I am to get the command of a seventy-four. But Mary amuses herself with him, no doubt, by saying she'll marry him when the Squire consents."

"But don't you think—" I began, when he interrupted me.

"I don't think anything, William, my lad. The girl, when she is tired of the game, and when he's off to sea again, will come back to me once more all right. She's

only backing and filling like this for a purpose. I'm in no hurry, but anyhow, it makes no difference. When I'm ready I shall go and fetch her and marry her, although some people would as lief she married the devil, I believe."

His easy, confident manner quite dashed my hopes to the ground, for he was such a masterful fellow, and I had seen before this what a great influence he had over her, that I felt he was right, and he could marry the girl whenever he had a mind to it.

"But, William," he went on, "she's a good girl, and

times, and to Southampton once. It is not everyone that can get away in a King's ship and cut out a French privateer as you have done. I would much like to get a run with some ship to the Indies, but I don't want to join the Merchant Service, and, even if I did, there are few merchantmen about these parts, and no captain would care to ship me with so many sailors and fishermen to be had for their money."

"Save us! Then why don't you learn to get something in that way? Come about with us a bit and learn to be handy in a boat. That would be better than following the plough-tail and milking the cows all your life."

By this time we had had another pint of ale, and I was quite pot-valiant.

"I would be glad enough to do so," I said, "but I am very awkward in a boat, and would only be soundly rated for a fool if you had me in yours."

"Look here, William, my lad, if you like you can help us without going into a boat. There is a little cargo to be landed not far from Solcombe Bay, and if you are a lad of mettle, and care to give us a hand with it, you'll have a chance to pick up a trifle of pocket-money, as well as a little experience, that will help to make a man of you."

"Ah, Will," I said, "I know what you mean, but I don't want to mix myself up in any smuggling."

"Why not?" he said earnestly. "Your own father is one of the buyers of French brandy when it is landed. Why, even Squire Fairfax himself is not above buying the goods, so long as we are willing to take the risk of landing them."

And so it was by clever speeches like this that Will Bryant led me to take part in my first and last smuggling adventure—that is, the last adventure in which I played the part of a smuggler, for it was not the last in which I played a part. But of that hereafter.

(To be continued.)



"Why don't you get to learn something in that way? Come about with us a bit, and learn to be handy in a boat."

when I do marry her I'll give her a proper home, and that I haven't got yet. I like my freedom and so does she, and we are in no hurry."

"You take it coolly. I wish I had your chance, Will Bryant. I'd willingly give up my freedom," I answered with some bitterness.

"Never mind, my lad. Your turn will come some day, and you'll find a maid who will make as good a wife as Mary; only don't look so down in the mouth. Why don't you take a trip to sea and have a look at the world? Why, lad, I don't believe that you have ever been farther than Portsmouth in your life."

"You are right, Will. I have seen nothing of life, and I have been no farther than to Portsmouth two or three

which, "from the first year of the reign of Edward VI., 1547, until 1680, was the principal access to the House of Commons, which sat, under a grant from that monarch, within the Chapel of St. Stephen." The members who used this approach to the House of Commons went along the cloister which flanks the eastern wall of the Hall. They must then have ascended to a passage adjoining the west front of St. Stephen's Chapel, which they entered by the western door. The tablet further records the fact that King Charles I. passed through this same archway on the occasion of his attempt to arrest the five members in the House of Commons. In 1680 another door was made at the south end of the Hall, leading to the entrance into the House, and this archway fell out of use.

The Houses of Parliament are so rich in historic associations that one goes in danger of overlooking some of the most interesting of them. Many visitors will doubtless be grateful for two new tablets which have lately been set up in Westminster Hall. One of them points out as nearly as may be the spot where the ill-fated Strafford stood during his impeachment. The other draws attention to an ancient archway



## THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.  
ELEVENTH LETTER.

## MENZIES.

I told you in my last letter all about my interesting visit to Mount Margaret, and the lucky termination to our chapter of accidents. Our preparations for the hundred miles from that mine to this flourishing township did not take so long, as it was merely a question of repacking our baggage on the camels lent to us by Captain Paul. The journey we now had before us was comparatively so short that under the altered conditions it promised to be quite a *partie de plaisir* as compared with the other portion of the route; and so it proved, for we found Mr. Newman a most delightful companion, and ever on the alert to give us the advantage of his bush experience, and so save us many of the petty discomforts we had hitherto put up with on the route, which presented the usual characteristics of bush scenery. We passed many indications of the presence of the prospector, and halted at a place called Niagara, which, from all accounts, has a brilliant future before it. Owing to a few inevitable delays on the way, we only did sixty miles the first three days, but made up for this amply by the fine finish of forty miles' ride on the last day into Menzies. Here we bade adieu to our camels, a farewell which was not a very affecting one, as may be imagined, my experience of these animals not being one of unmixed bliss; though, as far as I myself was concerned, with the recollection of what I had once undergone in the Gobi Desert, I was almost inclined to give the palm for ill-humour to the Asiatic animal. Still, I trust all the same that this parting at Menzies will sever my connection for ever with the "ship of the desert." Life is too short for this means of travel in these hurry-scurry days of the end of the nineteenth century.

Although a comparatively new place, Menzies has gone ahead wonderfully during the few months it has been in existence, and while, of course, not nearly so advanced as Coolgardie or even as Hannan's, bids fair in a very short time to rival both. There is a certain *je ne sais quoi* which seems to attach itself to coming prosperity and success, and the merest glance round this little township was sufficient to prove this. The few natural advantages which just make life bearable in either of the other famous "camps" are here wanting, and the dust and the flies and the scarcity of water are here, if one may so put it, trebly accentuated; yet, in spite of these terrible drawbacks, Menzies wears a look as though of smiling at natural adversity and a determination to pull through in spite of it; and that it requires exceptional pluck and determination to live in such an uncomfortable place is apparent at a glance to the most unobservant of newcomers.

Menzies, knee-deep in dust, with water at fourpence per gallon and myriads of flies, is, as may be imagined, not a desirable place for pleasant residence during the hot summer months. Yet that it is the centre of perhaps one of the richest of the many rich gold-fields in the district is an almost undisputed fact, and one which will enable it in the not far distant future to snap its fingers, so to speak, at all these *désagréments*, and become, if not a delightful town, at any rate a fairly pleasant one to stay in; for gold will do anything almost, and certainly help Menzies to make up for what nature has denied her. We put up at a rough, though well managed embryo hotel, kept by a Miss Robson, a charming lady, whose delightful formality conducted not a little to our comfort while under her roof. One has to find oneself out in these rough places to realise thoroughly the soothing influence of a gentle woman's presence, and I feel sure that all who have had any experience of bush life will thoroughly endorse this.

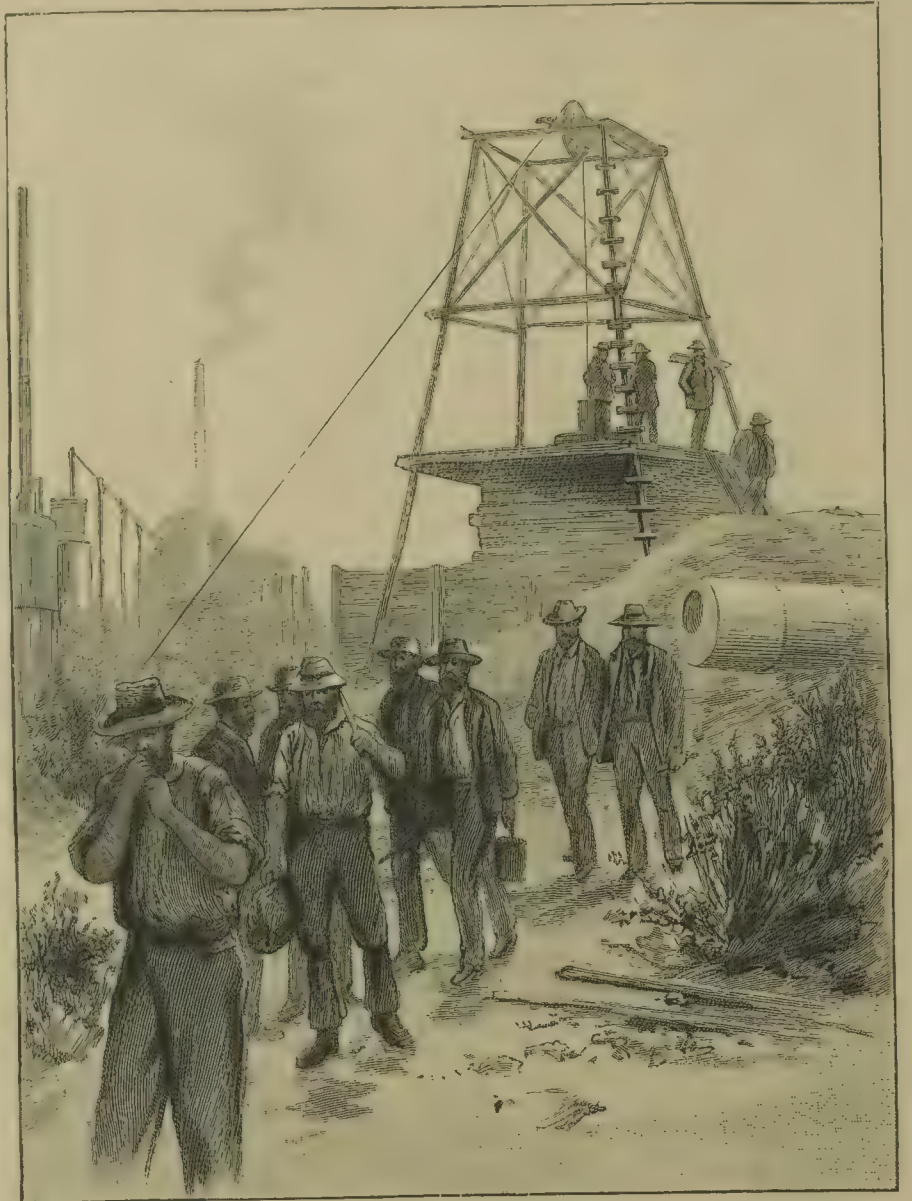
The township, owing to the marvellous rapidity with which events have shaped themselves recently, has already far outgrown its intended proportions, and a sale of the town sites had realised such enormous profits on the original

prices as to prove beyond a doubt the value attached to Menzies as the centre of another huge and growing mining district. Of course, the principal "lions" of all these places are the mines which brought them into existence, and naturally these present the greatest interest to the visitor. In the case of Menzies the "finds" of the neighbourhood are situated within a stone's-throw of the town, and are therefore of quite easy access as compared with others I had visited. The principal groups of mines are those known as the Lady Shenton, the Florence, and the properties of the Menzies Gold Estate, Limited, and of the Menzies Gold Reefs Proprietary. All of these enormously rich fields were in the first instance "pegged out" by Mr. Menzies, the lucky prospector of the district, who has thus found his name immortalised. That these are representative mines of the entire district is indisputable, and, when their machinery is erected, that they will make a big sensation, even among the many in Western Australia which will also startle the world when they begin crushing, cannot be doubted, more especially if the evidence of one's eyesight and all one hears on all sides is to be believed. The manner in which it has been found necessary to cut up, as it were, the properties, subdividing them as they developed into proportions undreamt of when first taken over by the London syndicate, is in itself sufficient proof of the fabulous mineral wealth the cutting of the shafts has disclosed, and it is rumoured that those who are "in the know" prophesy as big a future for Menzies as for Hannan's. With all this in my memory, it may be imagined the interest which this visit promised to present; for I had seen Hannan's in three weeks, from a tiny, undeveloped township with scarcely a soul in its deserted main streets, grow into an important and flourishing centre, with such a host of mines, speculators, and others as recalled the old days of Ballarat. Menzies, from all accounts, would also in a very few weeks be attracting its busy crowds, and already that indefinable hum of a rapidly growing place was discernible on all sides, and more particularly evidenced, I learnt, by the growing number of leases being taken up every day.

We strolled across to the mines after breakfast the day following our arrival, and although, from an artistic point of view, the place appeared hopeless, still, in spite of the dust and the heat, and the total absence of any shadow or relief from the blinding glare, I felt that I was in one of the most remarkable of the many interesting places I had visited.

The first shaft we reached, for the "poppet" heads formed quite a landmark, was that of the Friday mine.

My card proved the usual "Open Sesame," and we were both most cordially received by the manager, Mr. Jowett, who courteously offered to show us over the property. Although the battery was not yet up at the time of our visit, the place presented an extremely busy and animated scene, for the winding plant and a steam saw-mill were in



THE DAY'S WORK DONE: A SKETCH AT THE FRIDAY MINE, MENZIES.

full swing, and energy was evidently the order of the day. To all outward appearance the mine presented the usual characteristics of the many I had already visited and described to you, and so, not being a mining expert with a "report" to make, I will not endeavour to find other words or phrases new to enable me to traverse old ground in a new garb, as it were. I learnt from the manager that the water question is one of much moment in Menzies, though it appears likely to be solved successfully very shortly, a big company being on the point of flotation to bring water from Lake Barlee, some seven miles distant. The pumping machinery for this big undertaking being supplied by the Otis Company of Melbourne, and the pipes by a Scotch firm, all will be ready; it is anticipated, by the time the various mines have their batteries erected. Meanwhile, in this and the Lady Shenton mine a certain amount of water was obtainable at a depth, and so slightly impregnated with salt as not to affect the boilers.

"The great thing out here," remarked Mr. Jowett as we strolled back to his office, having accepted his irresistible invitation to join him in a whisky-and-soda, "is to develop the mines thoroughly; so that if one part proves more patchy than another the results can be equalised. In my opinion, after many years of practical experience, it is no good breaking one's heart because in one place, perhaps, the gold does not hold out. These *contritemps* are inevitable in gold-mining, for a few yards farther on in an adjoining shaft the result is almost certain to counterbalance it." The great advantage the Menzies district enjoys over most others is that the ground is as cheap to work as any I have seen in the Colonies, this being particularly noticeable when prospecting parties are out by the amount of ground they get over in an incredibly short time; in fact, it is all what they term in mining parlance "picking ground," and little or no explosion is required for nearly two hundred feet. "The only great drawback we have to contend with at the present moment," added Mr. Jowett as we took our departure, "is the dearth of miners, owing to the enormous success of prospectors in different parts of the colony. No sooner does a man manage to save up fifty pounds or so than off he goes on his own account to try and find a fortune, with the result that we are continually wanting new hands."

We then paid a visit to the Lady Shenton mine, which immediately adjoins the Friday, and were received with equal cordiality by Mr. Beaumont, its manager. The general characteristics and formation of the reef presented features so precisely similar to the mine we had just quitted that any description of it would be but a repetition. Mr. Beaumont, who struck me as being quite as able a manager as Mr. Jowett, was as enthusiastic about the future of his charge as was his neighbour, and although he remarked that, while of course no miner could see beyond the end of his drill, still the indications, combined with results already achieved, proved in his mind beyond a doubt that Menzies would yield to none in the point of wealth of gold-bearing reefs.



A MINER'S CAMP AT THE LADY SHENTON MINE, MENZIES.



## LADY EASTLAKE.\*

BY ANDREW LANG.

Lady Eastlake was an admirable specimen of the *not* New Woman. Born in 1809, and living till 1893, in full possession of her vivid intellect, she practically beheld the whole procession of the age. The funeral of the Duke of Wellington, which she describes very well, was a kind of central point in her history. Living at first in the country, then in Russia, then in Edinburgh, and not settling in London till late in the forties, she did not meet the famous people of the early century. She was only in love with the memory of Scott; but, once in London, her marriage to the President of the Royal Academy, her own accomplishments as an artist, her greater skill with her pen, and, no doubt, her beauty and charm, introduced her to all the world. Unluckily her London jottings are brief and characterless, compared with those which she made with more leisure in Edinburgh. "Met Thackeray, very pleasant, Carlyle," and so forth. Her many diaries mock us with entries not much more valuable than these. If people are going to take the trouble to make daily notes it is odd that they do so constantly omit the only

of literary work very well—descriptions of dressmakers' shops, bonnet emporiums, novels, poems, accounts of social functions, travels (like Miss Rigby herself)—in fact, they describe all that side of views and emotions which man leaves out. Surely this is a field sufficiently large for woman's ambition. From millinery to the Parnassian heights of Sappho she can range at will, but literary criticism is not her strong point. The old editors of the *Quarterly* (and the new editor for all that I know) were not addicted to "the lady friend." In criticism the lady friend is a terror; but Miss Rigby (like Sappho, Joan of Arc, and Mrs. Somerville) was an exception to a general rule. Her mind and training, her ideas and her expression, were eminently *Quarterly Review*-erly. She was Tory; she scorned the "iniquity" which "walked King James out of his kingdom" (as Lord Ailesbury says), and which did not restore his "sons"—that is, his son (for he only had one) and his grandson. Miss Rigby despised "the mob." At the disruption, when the Free Kirk was born, her feelings were shocked by the vulgarity of the services and the congregations and the ministers. They spoiled the Covenanters for her. Her ideal Covenanter was a white-haired, mild-eyed, melancholy lotus-eater in a

lowest dungeon under the lake in Albemarle Street. Mr. Lockhart was the editor, "a most sarcastic man," but his letter to Miss Rigby, as far as it is given, breathes peace and goodwill. He supposes the "Bells" to be weaving bodies, brothers, "in some Lancashire town." He mentions the fable (as a fable) about Currer Bell being Mr. Thackeray's mistress, and drawing him as Rochester. As if Thackeray would enter his house by way of the chimney, or absently wipe his boots on a lady's dress, or call a lady (to another lady) "a spanking armful," or words to that effect! I may be confusing Rochester and Rawjester; if so, blame Mr. Bret Harte; do not blame me. "Why is 'Villette' disagreeable? Because the author's mind contains nothing but hunger and rebellion and rage, and therefore that is all she can, in fact, put into her book. No fine writing can hide this thoroughly, and it will be fatal to her in the long run."

So Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote on April 14, 1853. He was not precisely a Tory, and his remark may be compared with parts of Miss Rigby's article, whoever wrote these parts. Who did? I have no idea. Mr. Lockhart's letter is all sweetness. Let us say that, if Miss Rigby did not write the ferocities, they were foisted in by Croker. "Naebody prays for the puir Deil." Nobody cares what



MOHAMMEDANS SELLING BEADS.



THE KING'S CASTLE AT COOMASSIE, BLOWN UP IN 1874.



A HOUSE FOR EUROPEANS AT PRAHSU.



NATIVE PREPARATIONS FOR A MARCH.

## THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: SCENES ON THE GOLD COAST.

From Photographs by Captain J. I. Lang, R.E.

things worth noting. A man will jot down, "Met Shelley, queer fish," but we want to know more ichthyological details, or nothing at all.

Miss Rigby was introduced to letters by Mr. John Murray, "the Emperor," for whom she seems to have had a sincere and grateful affection. She even speaks, in a manner which must vex Sir Walter Besant, of Mr. Murray's "liberality." Well, say the whole Authors' Society what they will, a publisher might and may be "liberal." I have read, as anyone may do, about Messrs. Harpers' treatment of the author of "Trilby." What name but "liberal" can you give it? An author makes his bargain, the publisher warns him that he should make a better; he declines, and then, when dollars come in, the publisher himself breaks the bargain in favour of an arrangement more profitable to the author. "There are many such instances." I do not know whether people behave thus in other trades. I hope they do; but assuredly they behave thus in the publishing trade sometimes. "The Emperor" (Mr. Murray) made friends of many of his literary partners. This was so much the better for all parties, especially for Miss Rigby.

Except Mrs. Somerville, who had contributed one short scientific article, no woman before Miss Rigby had written in the *Quarterly Review*. I do not know that the *Review* lost much by this exclusiveness. Women do many kinds

blue bonnet—not a strapping, roaring birkie in a steel headcap, with a steel shabale in his fist—

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lang-hefted gullies to kill cavaliers:

they were not a bit like the reverend sire of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Miss Rigby, then, was Tory, but in old age she began an essay on the French Revolution, and found herself a converted character. Her indignation was now directed against the *Ancien Régime*, and Croker's essays on the Revolution made her "feel ill."

Orthodox Miss Rigby was, and she had sense and humour. She attacked the dreadful children's books which gave children a smattering of science under a pitifully flimsy disguise of play. She reviewed dear Mrs. Sherwood, whose fascinating "Fairchild Family" kept humorous nurseries in perpetual mirth, and suggested all kinds of devilry which, perhaps, we might never have thought of for ourselves.

On the great Brontë question Lady Eastlake's book throws no light. She *did* review "Jane Eyre," but I long ago thought that I detected two hands in that critique. We have a reviewer of milder mood, all in favour of treating governesses like vertebrate animals. And we have somebody who says that the author of "Jane Eyre," if a woman, must be an outcast from the tea-parties of her sex. If there were two hands engaged, whose was the hand that held the tomahawk? This awfully important secret reposes in the

anybody says about Croker, who really was a kind of sheep in wolf's clothing.

About Mr. Lockhart Lady Eastlake speaks in the most friendly—nay, affectionate manner. To compare her with Harriet Martineau is edifying, and Carlyle is on her side, not on Miss Martineau's. Professor Wilson she found a delightful, noisy, wild man, a kind of Blackie of genius, if one can conceive such a being—a sportsman, too—of course with all the old malignities, the inexplicable animosities, dead and buried. Of Thackeray one remarks no very valuable reminiscence; but it is quite a comfort to learn that Mrs. Carlyle seemed happy, and that her Annandale bear was pleasant and friendly. Miss Rigby must have been very pretty; and a beautiful, witty, accomplished lady does not see the rough side even of an Annandale Bluebeard, like good old Thomas the *prosateur*. As to Lord Robertson, Lord Peter, the gayest judge on any bench, I was told yesterday the following anecdote, not unworthy (in print) of Captain Sumph: Miss Rigby sat next Lord Robinson at a wedding breakfast. He was heard to say: "Wine with you, Rigby?" And she was heard to reply: "Peter, your health," or words to that effect. Perhaps Lord Peter was exhilarated, or perhaps, by dropping the "Miss," he merely meant to indicate his respect for a lady of masculine sense who had not a grain of "the New Woman" in her composition.

The notes and letters are edited with perfect good taste and all necessary carefulness.

\* "Letters and Journals of Lady Eastlake." (John Murray.)



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## XV.—QUEBEC.

It was the "year of victory" for England; the crowning glory of the "Great Commoner's" administration. The Bourbon power, so long the bitter rival of English colonial enterprise and maritime supremacy, was grappled with, the world over, and thrown. In the West Indies, on the African coast, the French colonies fell before the expeditions launched by Pitt; in battle and chase the French navy was swept from the sea; in Germany the allied army of Ferdinand of Brunswick routed the army of Marshal Contades; the outlying forts of the Canadian colony were taken; and for the crowning victory, the French power was struck down at the very heart of its dominion in North America.

Pitt had well said that he would "conquer America in Germany." Year by year the patient stubbornness of Ferdinand of Brunswick and his mixed army of British, Hanoverians, and Hessians wore out the great hosts that the incapable Generals of Louis XV. hurled against him. Year by year the French treasury was drained to keep up the strength of Austrian and Russian armies against Frederick the Great, who fought on, overmatched but indomitable. Canada was left to her own resources; the sea was barred to reinforcements. The gallant Marquis de Montcalm had fought well, had begun by conquests, and fairly held his own; but the odds were heavy. After all, the French and the Canadians and the Indians of the French party were but a handful, though good fighters and wary foresters; and once the weight of the English forces and the New England colonies was brought fairly to bear, the weaker party must go down. Already Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, the gate of the French power, had fallen, with the outpost of Fort Duquesne, the cause of the war. In the year 1759 Pitt had planned a wide-reaching combination, which was to crush the last despairing resistance of French Canada in the citadel of its power. Amherst, the chief of the British forces in America, was to move up from the south by Lake Champlain, and take Fort Ticonderoga, where Abercromby had been killed the year before in a futile assault. Johnson, the vanquisher of Baron Dieskau, was to capture the fort at Niagara, and move down the St. Lawrence. Under the walls of Quebec the two forces were to meet an army and fleet sent direct up the river, the troops commanded by Wolfe, a young man, but already noteworthy for his military skill and fiery energy.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence under the careful guidance of Admiral Saunders, Wolfe's force arrived opposite Quebec on June 13, 1759. The task before him was formidable. He had some 8000 men, against Montcalm's army, stronger in numbers; and though the Canadian militia, many of them without bayonets, could not be expected to stand the shock of his veteran Grenadiers and Highlanders in the open field, they were formidable enough behind intrenchments. Wolfe could occupy the south bank of the St. Lawrence and the Isle of Orleans in its current; but with the artillery of those days he could do little damage across the great river. North of the river Montcalm held a strong line of works on the Beauport ridge, above the Montmorency River, and barred the road to any force advancing on Quebec by the direct route up the north bank. Above the city the steep and lofty Heights of Abraham, rising from the river, seemed to forbid attack, even if unguarded.

Wolfe was face to face with a grave difficulty. He tried to entice Montcalm into a pitched battle, but without success. His Grenadiers assaulted the lines on the Montmorency, but were beaten off with loss, and solaced their defeat by a ribald song against the French cowards who would not fight in the open. There were no tidings of either of the supporting columns. When winter came to freeze the rivers, Wolfe would have to withdraw with the fleet that supplied him, and Montcalm, steadfast in his works, would have earned another year's respite. Wolfe was fretting himself sick with impatience and disappointment, and his antagonist seemed to mock him from his rocky fastnesses.

Montcalm was far from being so secure as he seemed. Ill-seconded by his subordinates and colleagues in administration, left without support from France, keeping his motley forces together by sheer force of personality, he was coming to think the contest hopeless—if not for this year, then for the next. Yet he did his best as a brave and loyal man. He was not to be drawn from his position on the Montmorency by Wolfe's feints up the St. Lawrence, only detaching forces to guard the crossing. Wolfe wrote home in language approaching despair. Nowhere could he approach Quebec without great disadvantage of ground, unless he could scale the Heights of Abraham above the city. Then he would stand on their plateau with no natural obstacle between him and the town, and Montcalm must come out and fight on even terms to save his charge.

While the attention of the French was distracted by feints, Wolfe had collected enough boats to ferry his men over. Before daybreak on Sept. 13, 1759, the passage began. Two incidents of it are well known—the recitation of Gray's "Elegy," and Wolfe's preference of the poet's fame to the victory he was about to win—and the apt answer by which a British officer disarmed the suspicion of a French sentry who had detected his boat. Without opposition, the heights were climbed by a narrow and precipitous path

where a handful of men could have checked an army; one cannon was carried up by sheer force; and some four thousand men, a slight army to decide the fate of an empire, were formed by Wolfe on the plateau above Quebec. They were all that he could spare—Grenadiers, Highlanders, veteran soldiers.

Montcalm, at first incredulous of the news that the enemy had scaled the cliffs, hurried his troops back from their lines through Quebec to meet and crush Wolfe's men. He had the advantage in numbers, though not in the quality of his army; and a defeat of the British force would mean its destruction. He has been blamed for not waiting to collect all his scattered detachments; but doubtless he felt that delay would bring discouragement and despair to his isolated and heterogeneous forces. Whether by sound policy or driven on by his doom, he gathered up what men he had with him—French regulars, Canadian militia, and Indian scouts, and led them to attack Wolfe's line.

The French were the better marksmen, and soon drove in Wolfe's skirmishers. Their advanced troops kept up a brisk and annoying fire, to which no reply was made. Encouraged by this small success, the main body surged forward against the grim and silent line of the British troops with tumultuous shouts and irregular fire. Then at last, just before the ranks met, one murderous volley blazed out from the steady front; and with the smoke of that volley passed away the power of France in America. Torn with gaps of death, the advancing line halted and huddled into groups; and Wolfe's line, thrown forward to the charge, easily pushed the throng back into Quebec



THE MARQUIS DE MONTCALM DE SAINT-VÉLAN.  
GENERAL OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

and followed it with fire. Montcalm, borne back in the rout, and vainly striving to rally his men, was mortally wounded by a ball, and died in Quebec. But his conqueror had passed away already.

In the first onset of the fight Wolfe had been struck in the wrist; but disregarding the wound, he was ordering a charge when another bullet pierced his breast. Borne to the rear, he still watched the fight; he was told that the enemy were running, and his eyes closed with the shout of victory rising around him.

It was not only Quebec that was gained; Wolfe had altered the history of the world. Had he failed to snatch the one desperate chance of victory, had his men failed on the Heights of Abraham, Canada might have remained French till next year, and till the end of the war; the French menace to New England would have endured, and with it the loyalty of the English colonies; the foundation of the United States would have been otherwise, and perhaps the parting of the kindred nations might have been made in peace.

It is vain to speculate on what might have been. Wolfe had done his work, once for all. Quebec surrendered in somewhat needless despair; and though in the winter the French came down, defeated the British garrison outside Quebec and beleaguered the city, yet with the spring the British fleets returned, and the surrender of Montreal closed the long chapter of the Western war. The Colonial struggle, begun under William III. as a side issue of his great duel with Louis XIV., continued in greater importance, but still as a side issue, in the War of the Spanish Succession, stifled by a futile truce at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, had at last been fought out to the end: France had lost. Revenge she could and did take for her loss; recovery of what was lost she hardly attempted. So final was Wolfe's victory.

A. R. R.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The story of a young millionaire should be amusing as well as instructive; at any rate, the laws that are supposed to govern the composition of fictional narrative demand that it should be thus. I am afraid, though, that the little tale I feel, as it were, compelled to tell this week only complies with one of those conditions. To him who will take the trouble to read between the lines it may prove a lesson in more respects than one. The entertainment it is likely to afford will be of the grimmest order; in fact, much more grim than that derived from the perusal of Miss Marie Corelli's "Sorrrows of Satan," with which I tried to beguile my Christmas week.

Miss Corelli was enabled to shape the destinies of her second hero, Geoffrey Tempest, as she listed; the destinies of M. Max Lebaudy, the young French millionaire who died on Christmas Day in the military hospital at Amélie-Bains, would have been, if M. Lebaudy had lived, for the next two years or so in the hands of the French Government, in virtue of the recent law which compels every young and able-bodied Frenchman to serve for thirty-six months with the colours. This recently promulgated edict suppressed the pseudo-voluntary system, the provisions of which conferred upon the young man of means and education the privilege of shortening his term of service by two years. In other words, if the youngster could pass a certain examination and pay down £60 (1500 f.) in hard cash, he might, by a quasi-voluntary enlistment before he was twenty-one years of age, reduce his stay in barracks to a twelvemonth.

Ever since its institution, however, the voluntary system had been viewed with disfavour by the French Radicals; it accorded ill with their ideas of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and by constant opposition to it they succeeded in getting the system abolished, so that M. Lebaudy, on attaining his twenty-first year, had to join the colours like everyone else.

Nevertheless, the original law, which theoretically makes no distinction between the millionaire and the unlettered son of the most benighted peasant, might have turned to the advantage of M. Lebaudy, and given him the privileges it would have unhesitatingly granted to the merest bumpkin. When dealing with a French question susceptible of being influenced by political passions—and it would be difficult to name one not thus influenced—it were wise not to take things for granted. One may, however, be certain that any young artisan or labourer claiming relief from the service on the grounds M. Lebaudy might have claimed it from the "examining council," would have had such relief granted. In other words, anyone so physically unfit to undergo the fatigues and strenuous duties of a French recruit's life as M. Lebaudy appears to have been would have been peremptorily rejected by the physicians and surgeons.

It is certain that the young millionaire did not attempt as much as to get a dispensation on the score of ill-health. At the first blush the practical reader concludes that the sequel to this neglect, however fatal to M. Lebaudy, was virtually of his own making. His friends refuse to leave the reader under the delusion that M. Lebaudy's death is at no one's door but his own. They say that M. Lebaudy did not claim exemption from the military service because he knew that such a claim, whether granted or not, would arm against him every Radical paper in the country.

Subsequent events give colour to their assertion. When in November 1894 he complained for the first time, on the score of health, of the severe duties, he was as good as accused of malingering; no one paid attention to his complaint. The French contemporary from which I gather the above facts admits that appearances were against M. Lebaudy, for that he went on amusing himself during his scant leisure time as usual.

Nevertheless, in December he fell seriously ill, and was admitted to the military hospital at Fontainebleau, where they patched him up, after which he was transferred to Vernon, the supreme military authorities considering that Fontainebleau was too near Paris for this very rich private soldier. He fell ill once more, and the military surgeon of the new battalion declared him to be too weak for active service. He was placed in the administrative department, but from that moment the Radical press began to interfere and to spy to such an extent that his lieutenant-colonel or major, when he gave him (Lebaudy) forty and twenty hours' leave of absence, was compelled to ask him to proceed to the station in a closed carriage.

He was laid up for a second time at Vernon, then transferred to Rouen, where three surgeons, after careful examination, stated him to be suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs. His symptoms were apparently so disquieting that a council was convoked before which he was to appear, in order to get his discharge. At the last moment M. Lebaudy was informed that the council had been countermanded. The young fellow himself wrote to a friend that the military authorities were afraid of the outcry of the Radical papers, which accused M. Lebaudy of wishing to cheat the authorities, and the latter of wishing to connive at the cheating.

Many years ago Victor Hugo opined that the time was nigh when the millionaire of the intellect would take to pitying the millionaire of money. Personally, I am doubtful whether that time has arrived. I feel convinced of one thing, though: M. Lebaudy had the making of a good and brave man in him, but the millions he inherited at his majority destroyed the fruit in the germ. Englishmen who read this, whether millionaires or miners, princes or paupers, patricians or plebeians, may be thankful for this—nature has saved them from three years' compulsory hardships. For it is nature, and nothing else, that has thus favoured them.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XV.—QUEBEC.



GENERAL WOLFE CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

*Drawn by R. Eaton Woodville.*



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XV.—QUEBEC.



Drawn by R. Cotton Woodville.

GENERAL FRASER CALLING UPON HIS HIGHLANDERS TO CHARGE.

*"They threw their muskets over their heads, and drew their claymores, and drove the French back in their impetuous charge."*



## LITERATURE.

## MR. WATSON'S NEW POEMS.

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

*The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems.* By William Watson. (John Lane.)—Mr. Watson's new volume is made up of three elaborate and stately lyrics, three sonnets, two tiny jets of song, and a blank verse "Apologia," in which the poet deals in a manner of dignified argument with the strictures of certain critics. He has, it seems, been charged with being himself rather a critic in verse of the work of his great predecessors—Wordsworth, Landor, Shelley, Burns—than a singer uttering a native impulse. His answer is that great poets are themselves a part of Nature, that their descendants are in truth among the world's heroic deeds, and that to celebrate with fine characterisation a poet's achievement is as legitimate and as delicate a poetic task as to give in verse the impression of the song of a lark or a nightingale, or to record the brave doings of a soldier or a saint. The critics have assailed him as bringing nothing new to the world, and as "treading in nobler footsteps than his own"—in a word, without being imitative or iterative. His answer is that he does not ape the greatness of greater bards, or rehearse their gestures; but that, even if he be a lowly descendant from their race, he is yet a true descendant, and something of the signature of his ancestry must needs appear in him. The self-defence is, in large measure, just. Mr. Watson has, in truth, a manner of his own, and is never ignobly imitative. But probably he would himself be the first to acknowledge that, as compared with the greater singers, he has not very much to say that is of the first importance; something to say he has, and he says it admirably. We are grateful to him for good gifts. But the great poets determine—at least, for a time—our view of the world, our view of life; they create new combinations of feeling; they leave us other than they found us. Admiring as many of us do Mr. Watson's work, we cannot claim for him that he is a shaper of human spirits, though he is an exquisite shaper of verse; and he is too clear-sighted a critic to make such a claim on his own behalf.

The first of the three larger lyrics—that from which the volume takes its name, "The Father of the Forest"—tells of the secular memories of a vast and many-centured Yew-tree; it rises at the close into a prophecy of the future—that "morn divine" to which the world is tending through all vicissitudes of days and years. The memorials of the past form a series of poetic studies from the history of England, somewhat, perhaps, betraying manufacture in poetry, somewhat too cumulative in their effect, somewhat even suggestive of the method of the prize-poem of the Universities, but touched with happiest phrasing. The prophetic stanzas have some of the vague Tennysonian optimism in idea, and much of Mr. Watson's characteristic beauty of expression. The entirely different manner of treatment saves this fine lyric from unprofitable comparison with the majestic lines of blank verse in which Wordsworth has rendered the material character of the yew with absolute pictorial fidelity, and has added all its solemn spiritual suggestions in an imaginative mythology. Among Druidic poetry of tree-life Mr. Watson's lyric may claim a place near the impressive piece of Laprade—"La Mort d'un Chêne."

"The Tomb of Burns" inevitably recalls the poems of Wordsworth in the same stanza (one inherited by the Scotch poet from his predecessors) and dealing with the same theme. The essential difference between Mr. Watson's poem and the earliest and finest of the three by Wordsworth is that the former approaches much nearer to literary criticism; while the latter is impregnated with the most intense personal feeling. "What wooes the world to yonder shrine?" asks Mr. Watson in his opening line; and he proceeds to explain that the power of Burns lay in his passionate sense of the common things of earth. "I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold," is Wordsworth's opening line, and the thrill of that first line is present throughout the entire series of stanzas. Very admirable is Mr. Watson's characterisation of Shelley—

Heavenward hurling wild and wide  
His spear of song.

Only it should be remembered that few poets were in truth more preoccupied with mundane affairs, the social interests of his fellows, than Shelley, that his aims were at least as definite as those of the French Revolution, and that his efforts tended towards the same very practical results. Far less near the mark is Mr. Watson's reference to Milton: "A sphere-born Milton cold and proud." Sphere-born, perhaps; but "cold"—surely no; rather, the very opposite: a soul of fire, if ever there was such a soul, possessed of the true poetic temperament, sensitive, ardent, mobile. If anyone still cherishes the vulgar error about Milton, let him read the best of the shorter biographies of the poet—that by Dr. Garnett—and learn to know the passionate Puritan aright. If Mr. Watson is willing to remove a blot from an admirable piece of verse, the second edition of his volume will not exhibit that disastrously erroneous epithet—"cold."

The "Hymn to the Sea" was read with admiration by many persons in the incongruous surroundings of the *Yellow Book*. Its place is now a happier one. All Mr. Watson's remarkable rhetorical power in heightening expression is here displayed; and the romantic element of his genius, strikingly apparent in his earliest volume, is here allied with the more classical art of his later work. The Ocean, a lover and an athlete, is compared with the lover and the athlete Man. In the close, the sea, by virtue of its obedience to cosmic law, is assigned a higher place than humanity, wavering and insurgent, which yet, it is acknowledged, is meshed in the coil of the same law. But assuredly, if humanity be subject to a law, it is to a higher law than that which rules the tides. Endeavouring to escape from the pathetic fallacy, the poet falls into that fallacy more deeply. The poem might have closed more nobly if something of the spirit of Goethe's great lyric, "Das Göttliche," had entered into it. That poem rests on truth as its basis. Mr. Watson's expresses magnificently an illusion; its reality consists in its rendering a common but an erroneous mood of mind.

## MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S BEST.

*Casa Braccio.* By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan and Co.)—This is the most spirited romance Mr. Crawford has written. It breathes the Italian air, the air of *vendetta*, of nunneries from which beautiful nuns who cannot forget the world clope with importunate lovers; the air of Roman palaces, in which anything may happen quite out of our English conventional way. Mr. Crawford once tried a story of English life, and he has tried stories of American life, and failed in all of them. But Italy has become the native heath of his imagination, and he makes it bloom with passion-flowers that would be almost too rich for our frigid climate. In "Casa Braccio" Mr. Crawford happily spares us those discursive essays which are too freely scattered through some of his novels. The action is not suspended while he prattles for many pages on threadbare themes, which he cannot refresh with a single illuminating idea. "Casa Braccio" is all story, and first-rate story, well planned, full of original effects, and handled with striking ease and dexterity. There are few things in romantic fiction better than the love of Maria Braccio, the nun, and Angus Dalrymple, the headstrong Scotchman, who has all the reckless daring of Douglas in the old fighting days of Scotch history, combined with the calculation of the canny Scot of our own prosaic time. The scheme by which Angus carries off Maria, making her family believe that she has been burnt to death in her cell, is quite masterly. This is only the prologue of the novel, and the rest of it deals with the career of Gloria Dalrymple, Maria's daughter, whose temperament is obviously intended to be the penalty of the reprehensible wooing of her parents. This is a point in psychology which might be debated at length, but Mr. Crawford's romance is meant to be read absorbingly and breathlessly, and not discussed like the psychology of Mr. Hardy. Gloria is like one of Mr. Hardy's heroines in this: that when she leaves her husband with her lover, she wants to return to the shelter of the marriage bond. But she is an hysterical, histrionic lady, who quite appropriately poisons herself in the very room from which her father set out with his remarkable plan for running away with her mother. The mother has died prematurely, the daughter is a suicide, and the father is killed by an Italian peasant, who regarded him as the abductor of the peasant's child—an entirely mistaken notion, due to the burning of that young woman's dead body in the convent cell instead of Maria's. How this comes about the reader must undertake the agreeable excitement of discovering. But the moral that the elopement of nuns must be expiated as sacrilege is, perhaps, more important to Mr. Crawford than the dramatic interest of his capital tale.

## MRS. KEELEY.

*The Keeleys.* By Walter Goodman. (Richard Bentley and Son.)—Mrs. Keeley has lately presented the interesting spectacle of a dramatic artist, quite unknown to the present generation of playgoers, successfully asserting her claim to public regard. Few of us have ever seen this actress tread the boards, yet in her old age she still belongs to the world before and behind the scenes, and we all feel that she is a possession to be proud of. Mr. Goodman has essayed to give a substantial air to this sentiment by recounting in a pleasant volume the historical triumphs of the Keeleys. He has done this so successfully that we find ourselves assisting at the various entertainments here chronicled, with a little wonder, perhaps, at the old-fashioned quality of the dramatic fare which made reputations in the thirties. Mr. Goodman is anxious that we should thoroughly understand the thrilling events in "Jack Sheppard," the piece which established Mrs. Keeley's fame, and we even have the speeches that moved the auditors to tears. The career of Harrison Ainsworth's housebreaker is not so pathetic now as it was then, and the tear-compelling rhetoric is suspiciously like a "penny dreadful," and not much more helpful to the spread of virtue than that form of composition. But it is easily understood that the actress was much above the stuff that passed current as drama in those days, and that her singing of "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away" transcended the merits of that delectable ballad. It is not improbable that Mrs. Keeley, in the character of Smike, was much more interesting than the original creation in "Nicholas Nickleby." One of the best stories in the book describes how Dickens, who did not relish the mawkish twaddle with which the adapter endeavoured to enrich the play, especially some lines for Smike about the "little robins in the fields," exclaimed, "Damn the robins! cut them out." He may have felt that they were an unintentional satire on his own weakness for the maudlin. Another of Mrs. Keeley's successes in the Dickens adaptations was Clemency in "The Battle of Life." From the contemporary accounts of this performance, and of her Audrey in "As You Like It," we may assume that she was distinguished by a very happy vein of low comedy, in which her high spirits were so infectious that they never failed to carry the audience away. It is a gift for which the world is always grateful, especially when it is illustrated on the stage. Mrs. Keeley tells a diverting story of the compunction of certain American card-sharpers, who were fellow-travellers with the Keeleys between New York and New Orleans. "Mr. Keeley wanted a game, as he was passionately fond of a rubber. But the men declined to play, declaring what they were, and saying they had far too much respect for such 'eminent performers,' as they called us, to gamble with us. But dad insisted, so one of the sharpers agreed to play cribbage with him fairly, and upon condition that if Mr. Keeley lost the other was to pay." Who shall say actors are not powers that make for righteousness, even though it be only temporary? The card-sharpers would have fleeced a philanthropist without mercy, but in the presence of two players they paid a tribute to honesty. Moreover, as Mr. Goodman slyly reminds us, the actress who was so successful as the juvenile housebreaker became the mother-in-law of a London magistrate. One of her daughters married Mr. Montagu Williams, first an actor, then a Q.C., then one of the best "beaks" who ever sat on a metropolitan bench. The other daughter married Albert Smith. Mrs. Keeley has outlived them all; yet her ninety years sit upon her as lightly as the manacles from which Jack Sheppard escaped so often and so gloriously.

## AN IRISH STORY.

*By Thrasna River.* By Shan F. Bullock. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited.)—Mr. Shan F. Bullock wrote a very pretty story more than a year ago, wherein he showed us many of the engrossing pastimes of Irish rural life. But "The Awkward Squad" was only a trifle at the best, and "By Thrasna River" is the first book which allows an opinion to be formed of Mr. Bullock's capabilities as a novelist. There is little fighting in this, and though the reader is led at one time to expect a pretty brawl between some "stinkin' militia-men" and a party of "Orange Dogs," the shillelagh is practically on the shelf during the venture. Rather it is a story of peasant life, and though the plot of it is of the slightest, Mr. Bullock manages to hold attention to the end. I have rarely read a story wherein so few things happen, yet of which the charm is so indisputable. Jan Farmer, the narrator, is a raw Irish youth who is sent to the University at Dublin, and promptly ploughed. He confesses naïvely that the influence of his friend, Harry Thomson, coupled with a morbid ambition to personate Micawber in a "fit-up" company, have led to his ruin "in the great city." Trinity will have none of him, and he is sent packing to the shores of Lough Erne, and to a life which knows neither Micawber nor "fit-up" companies—"The next day saw our hopeful dilapidated and reckless. Not one button did he care whether he answered a question or not. Why should he care or answer? All these questions, these answers that had fled somewhere, what poverty there was in the comparison between them and a headful of Micawbers and bailiffs and girls bounding through hoops! Pooh! what did our hopeful care for the old examiner in his gown and mortar-board?"

Around this hopeful and his adventures—or lack of adventures—Mr. Bullock builds his story. The boy goes to his home, and thence is sent to a lonely farmhouse. He meets many pretty peasant girls, but has not the sense to fall in love with them. He is the spectator of a gloomy village tragedy, and the witness of many gruesome scenes begotten of the poverty of his neighbours. Of these neighbours, Thady, the peasant, is the best, and is altogether admirably done. Mr. Bullock clearly promises to become a master of characterisation; it remains for him now to become also a master of plot. He must at least tell a story; and I cannot honestly say that he has told a story in this present volume. It reads rather like a series of essays upon rural life in Ireland; and though the truth and delicacy of these are not to be disputed, the lack of all dramatic force in the narrative is everywhere apparent. None the less is the book one to be read and its author to be remembered among those who have drawn faithful and very pleasing pictures of an always fascinating people.

## A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN.

*In a Walled Garden.* By Bessie Rayner Belloc. (Ward and Downey.)—Well walled, it is a spacious garden into which Madame Belloc has essayed to lead her readers. Here there are nooks in it as old-fashioned as a Dutch hedge; there corners in which blossom some of the most fashionable flowers of the period. The wall might be said to be built up of the reminiscences of a long life and a Puritan pedigree, and the cope-stone, which is of more recent origin, might be said to be the result of keen observation, more especially from a strong Roman Catholic point of view. Of Joseph Priestley it is recorded that he burned a budget of epistles because he did not think that he had "a right to amuse the public either against or without the inclinations of those who confided their correspondence to his care." This sense of the value of legitimate reticence has been strongly inherited by his descendant, the author of this charming book. It has been Madame Belloc's good fortune to know much of the true inwardness of early Victorian literature, of the Proctors and the Howitts, of Mrs. Jameson, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and of George Eliot. And while she has told their stories with frankness, she has said none of those distressingly familiar things which give to many books of reminiscence an air of futile scandal. The chapter on George Eliot which opens the volume is a noteworthy example of Madame Belloc's method and her point of view. She does not hide from herself the fact that a time will come when "no care for the living and no respectful reticence with regard to the dead will check the publication of contemporary diaries and private letters"; but there is not a word in her charming chapter which will make anyone wince. Madame Belloc has the art of painting a picture, and of setting her subjects in a frame which makes her miniatures complete. This is specially true of her account of Priestley in domestic life. Her old friend, Mary Howitt, the fading figure of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the enthusiastic Mrs. Jameson, and the Montagus and the Proctors, are brought back to life with vividness and a rare sense of due appreciation. The chapter on Dr. Manning, of Bayswater, throws light on the great Cardinal at a time when he was little known; and it is appropriately followed by a sketch of Mrs. Booth, who may be accounted a fellow-worker on a different platform. Exceedingly interesting are the chapters on foreign subjects, all the more that the notabilities dealt with must be unfamiliar to the majority of English readers. There are, for instance, the last Duke and King of the older branch of the House of Savoy, Comte Adolphe de Circourt, and Mlle. Adelaide de Montgolfier. Admirably told is the story of the Franco-German War, viewed as it was by Madame Belloc from the French village which had become her home. Her book touches the moment in a chapter called "The Modesty of Nature." At a time when sex literature has such a vogue, it needs courage to remonstrate in print. There is nothing Mrs. Grundyish in Madame Belloc's point of view. She holds, for example, that Zola's novels are "a mine of interest to the mature intellect," but she also holds that all those questions which lie on the outskirts of morality repose on reasoning which in the last resort eludes the intellect of man. Throughout the whole book, widely different as are its component parts, there runs a definite principle of life, and a certain stateliness in the point of view. It is a pity that the printer has not lived up to his opportunities of producing such a beautiful book as "In a Walled Garden" should have been.



## A LADY TRAVELLER IN WEST AFRICA.

Since she returned from West Africa, the other day, Miss Kingsley has been the subject of a good deal of interest, somewhat, perhaps, to her own surprise. As she says



MISS KINGSLEY.

herself, she once came back from the same quarter of the world before, and there was no great blare of trumpets then to herald her coming. Moreover, on that occasion she brought with her acute evidence of the risks she had run in the form of a lame foot, the result of being shot at. This time she returns scatheless; but yet her experiences have been more remarkable than ever, and then we are beginning to know her better as a traveller. To call her an explorer and her recent travels an expedition would be pretty certain to provoke something of a protest from her. "Oh," she would remark with a laugh, "I simply puddled about here and there to study fetish among the natives, native laws and customs, and collect specimens of fish." The last largely on the suggestion of Dr. Günther, who is now looking into the natural history specimens of various sorts which both Miss Kingsley and Dr. Donaldson Smith have brought back from the Dark Continent.

Miss Kingsley is the daughter of Dr. G. H. Kingsley, who, of course, was Charles Kingsley's brother, and the author, with Lord Pembroke, of "South Sea Bubbles." The "Earl and the Doctor" have told us pleasantly of their travels, and by-and-by Miss Kingsley will give us a book on her journeyings in West Africa. She has always had a taste for travel and natural history, and she turned to this portion of Africa—first in 1893—as yielding, perhaps, the freshest field available. The history of her present absence from England covers a period of just upon a year, and of that time she spent more than five months in the interior of Congo Française. It

sounds simple enough, "five months in the interior," but that means an undertaking which, from the point of view of physical endurance alone, might well tax strong men. Miss Kingsley is lithe, and as vigorous as you like, but perhaps her abiding salvation from fever and the other ills of that terrible climate has been her buoyant and courageous spirits. She landed in Old Calabar, and carried on some collecting work on the Old Calabar River. This was interesting and valuable scientifically, but hardly so exciting as her subsequent experiences in the Gaboon territory. Du Chaillu brought us notable information of this slice of French Congo, which no subsequent traveller has been able to contradict, and, like him, Miss Kingsley made the acquaintance of the gorilla at home.

Owing to the assistance given her by the French and by Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's representatives, she went up the Ogowe River as far as N'Djole by a little French steamer which plies on it. Arrived at N'Djole she got together a canoe's crew of natives and started further inland, and this trip proved singularly adventurous. The canoe and its occupants were upset a score of times, but somehow these risks were always passed through successfully. Miss Kingsley went nearly a hundred miles beyond N'Djole, and she made sketches of the Ogowe Rapids—a picturesque stretch of tumbled waters—and of other scenes through which she passed. Then she came back on the Ogowe to a place called Kangwe, and with six or seven natives set out for the Remboe River. Du Chaillu had turned to the right, going inland, from the Ogowe River towards Ashengoland; while she now turned to the left, or in a north-easterly direction. It was a journey of many days from the Ogowe to the Upper Remboe, and, moreover, in large part through the region occupied by the cannibal Fangwés. Miss Kingsley guaranteed the members of her little native party safety from the dreaded Fangwés, and by one resort or another she carried them all through, although, indeed,

kindness, not to say of appreciation. Now she is back in Kensington, with more trophies to add to her very remarkable collection—among the new ones an ugly looking Kabenda god, a murderous knife which had been used by West African natives in connection with their sacrificial rites, and a pair of teeth that belonged to one of the numerous gorillas encountered. Before many months are over Miss Kingsley will be setting out once more to gather tribute to science and knowledge from the fastnesses of West Africa.

Some alarm has been expressed by correspondents of the newspapers who are acquainted with the Kentish shores of the Lower Thames, lest the entrance to the Medway and to the docks at Sheerness be injured by the large quantities of earth washed away from Sheppey Island by a current from the east, which has destroyed many acres of land within the memory of old inhabitants. It is proposed that Government should build a sea-wall from Barton's Point to Warden Point, with a railway behind it, which would greatly aid in the military defence of the port, besides preventing the waste of the shore.

The projected balloon expedition from Spitzbergen to the North Pole and to the Arctic coasts, either of Siberia or of Greenland or North America, is again heard of. M. André, the Swedish aeronaut, with M. Eckholm, is now superintending the construction of their balloon by M. Lachambre, at Vaugirard, Paris. Its diameter will be about twenty mètres, and its capacity 6500 cubic mètres; a broad, rigid girdle or belt is to surround its lower part, and the top will be protected from snow by a waterproof cap. The balloon will be filled with gas at Spitzbergen by an apparatus to be sent there for that purpose.

It is to be regretted that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments have not turned their attention to



MISS KINGSLEY'S CANOE ON THE OGOWE RIVER.



THE KING OF CALABAR.

their skins were often in real danger. The picture which she gives of the Fangwés and their manner of living shows them to be a completely barbarous tribe, and she also tells of a race of savage dwarfs who live in the recesses of these African forests. The case of the Fangwés—since they have pressed down from the centre of the continent—suggests what a world of strange things and beings may yet be hidden away in "Darkest Africa." Miss Kingsley knew that the surroundings amid which she found herself here and there meant danger; but she never blinked the danger. If asked if she felt nervous at any time she would say, "Oh dear no; why should I? I knew before I started that I was running certain risks, and I had just made up my mind to them."

On her way back to Gaboon, via the Remboe, she visited Lake N'Covi, which is still unexplored, and the west spurs of the Sierra del Crystal range of mountains. Some of the mountains rise to the height of six and eight thousand feet, and the range is belted round by mud swamps. The French officials at Gamboon were perhaps somewhat amazed to hear of her daring rambles, and they were undoubtedly glad that she had returned safely. Next she proceeded to Victoria in the Cameroons, which is German territory, and made an ascent of the Great Cameroon, a peak rising nearly 13,760 ft. into the sky. Here again she was told that she would never get natives with courage enough to accompany her, but she led her little party up the Cameroon Peak and down again. She asked the men if they would make the journey with her once more, provided on a subsequent occasion she wished to climb the peak by a different route. "Yes," they said; "we go; you take care of us proper!" This was rather a reversal of the European order of things, but certainly it was a compliment to Miss Kingsley's leadership; and taking all her experiences in West Africa, her words about "those villains of blacks" are only words of

the old stone crosses, which are rapidly disappearing. The county of Somerset probably possesses as many as the rest of the English counties together. The earliest probably date from the eighth and ninth centuries, but by far the greater number are scarcely older than the fifteenth; but, with the exception of the Eleanor crosses, they are, perhaps, among the most interesting art monuments still existing. In Somersetshire alone there are over two hundred crosses of various kinds affected originally to different purposes. The market or village crosses, as a rule, consisted of a pillar placed on steps, of which a beautiful example is to be found at the entrance to the little village of Crowcombe, under the Quantocks. The Wedmore Cross is even more interesting, as being one of the four-canopied structures of this kind still existing. Under the canopy are four figures, but they seem to have had no mollifying influence upon Judge Jeffreys, who according to tradition used the cross for a gallows, on which he caused a doctor to be hanged for attending a wounded follower of Monmouth. The crosses at Cheddar, Glastonbury, and Dunster are enclosed, and probably point to the more secular uses of such structures; when markets were held in churchyards and on Sundays; the preaching friars using them for the delivery of sermons, and the lay members of the monastic bodies for collecting the market dues, assigned to them where the fairs and markets were held upon church lands. In addition to the market and village crosses—also called penance or weeping crosses—there were churchyard crosses, wayside and water crosses, and memorial or boundary crosses. Of all these there are specimens to be found, more especially in Somersetshire, and it should be the object of the local authorities, or, failing them, of some central organisation, to preserve such interesting and artistically beautiful relics of the habits of our ancestors.





Pelican. Canada. Tourmaline. Crescent (Flag-ship). North America and West Indies Station (Nine Ships). Magicienne. Tartar. Mohawk. Partridge. Buzzard. Satellite. Royal Arthur Wild Swan. Icarus. Comus. Pheasant. Acorn. Barracouta. Retribution Beagle. (Senior Officers' Ship). Pacific Station (Six Ships). Venezuelan Waters (Four Ships).

BRITISH SHIPS IN AMERICAN WATERS.





1. On the Road to the Derby.

2. On the Road to Chitral: Engineers throwing Bridge across Stream under Fire.

3. Carrying the Sangar: "Charge!"

THE SPORTING AND MILITARY SHOW AT OLYMPIA, WEST KENSINGTON.



## THE LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

Some little bird has whispered in my ear that small sleeves are to receive the attention of the authorities, and I am wondering—seriously wondering—as I sit with my feet on the fender and my writing-desk on my lap, whether it is possible that this news can be true. Shall we really cease to consider the attractions of the enormous sleeve, and realise the possibility of recognising the advantage of a sleeve which reveals the natural outlines of the arm, while we altogether disregard the importance which the large sleeve is able to give unto even the smallest of women? The fashion of large sleeves has, of course, been very much exaggerated, but yet it is a fashion which we must not ungratefully abandon without paying due homage to its charms. Always supposing that it is used with discretion, the large sleeve will give a certain dignity to the most insignificant of figures, and the voluminous skirt seems to call aloud for its assistance to enable it to exist logically. If we adopt the Marie Antoinette style of dress, the tightly fitting sleeve with frills above the elbow is indispensable, when the fichu over the shoulders completes the outlines with signal grace, as I have previously observed, and the skirt finds its characteristic complement in the over-skirt gathered full round the hips. We are distinctly eclectic in our costumes: we take this style from that age, that from another, and, if the truth must be told, commit many imperfections, combining the straight outlines of the Empire with the lace collar labelled Charles I., and the ruff of Queen Elizabeth with the sloping shoulder-seam and pointed basque of Queen Victoria; which reminds me to draw your attention to that most charming pelisse sketched here, made of purple-tinted cloth with a front of velvet, a trimming of jet, and borders of chinchilla.

We have been threatened for some time now with skirts boasting flounces from the knees, but as yet they have only put in a tentative appearance; but it must be admitted that this style of adornment when worn by the tall woman will greatly improve the appearance of full skirts. It is quite in vogue now to wear these full skirts pleated from the waist. When made in cloth these carry with them the disadvantage of great weight, but if made in silk with diamond buttons to fasten each box-pleat round the hips they may be voted pre-eminently successful.

But a word about hats—not that I have the slightest desire to don mine when the atmosphere is tinged with a mournful grey and the mud lies thick on the roads and on the pavements, and the voice of the bicycling-bell is heard not in the land. Hats which deserve our sincerest affection invariably show the white feather—either the osprey or the ostrich feather, the former being first favourite, in combination with a black ostrich-feather. Ospreys—in spite

of grey felt, with scarves of grey and white tulle wound round the open brim, bunches of grey and white roses catching this tulle on either side, and forming a cachepeigne at the back, while a very large osprey of grey and white waved its decorative influence at one side. White felt hats seem to be enjoying a favour they by no means deserve, for even their best friends cannot vote them becoming. However, we mitigate their most serious defects by



A NEW BODICE.

trimmings of black ribbons, these being generally arranged in loops right the way round the crown, with a group of quills at one side, at the base of which clusters a bunch of the inevitable violets.

Violets bloom on our millinery before the spring dares, indeed they scarcely ever fail to be the idol of fashion. The prettiest toque made this year is of violet velvet fringed with violets, with a bunch of white gardenias set at either side of the back, and a black feather and a white osprey exercising their pretty influence in the front. But yet another toque, which might be voted its most successful rival, has a crown entirely made of pink and yellow and red roses tied together with a bunch of red ribbons, and boasting a brim of sable terminating at the back with a bunch of violets at the one side and a bunch of yellow roses at the other. This was quite delightful, and was on its way to Monte Carlo when I met it. How I wish I were going off in its company! Or, perhaps, I might be induced to decline on a lower level of millinery if I were only to be rewarded by a glimpse of that blue Mediterranean.

PAULINA PREY.

## NOTES.

Education has always been admitted to be a woman's work, yet that theory has been in practice often modified to mean that women are only fit for the subordinate posts and the inferior emoluments of the profession. When I was a member of the London School Board, there was something like a systematic attempt entered upon to place all the larger new schools, as they were built, under a head master for both the girls' and boys' divisions, and to make him responsible even for the training of the girl pupil-teachers, and to have the head mistress only counted as his senior assistant. The lady members fought, and successfully, against this attempt; but a large factor in crushing the insidious scheme in its initiation was the utter moral downfall of one of the first men entrusted with the headship of a school thus "mixed." An interesting fact has been disregarded by the same Board just now in filling the headship of its new experiment, the Day Industrial School in Drury Lane. A male head has been appointed, as a matter of course; while the experience of the Board that initiated the experiment of such schools—the Liverpool one—showed that a woman head and exclusively women assistants for the unruly boys sent to such schools made the institution a great success.

A curious experiment on the same sort of topic has been unconsciously tried in America. A certain Bishop wrote recently an article complaining that women teachers were superseding men in the elementary schools of the United States, and argued that this process should be stopped. In reply, the percentage of female to male teachers in the various States has been taken and compared with the percentage of illiteracy; and the curious result is arrived at that where there are most female teachers there are fewest illiterate persons. In nine States more than half the teachers are men, and there the percentage of illiterates is twenty-six; while in another group of States the male teachers are only 20 per cent. of the whole, and there the illiterates of the population are but 7 per cent. Statistics are apt to be misleading; it may be that it is the more unsettled and wilder States that consider it needful to have most men to keep in order their rough school population, and that such rough boys naturally evade education as far as possible. Still, the trend

of the evidence that boys will allow capable women to control them and teach them, given both by these figures and by the early successes of our women mistresses of the Day Industrial Schools, is very instructive and interesting.

There has been an immense increase in the cost of Poor Law relief in the last forty years, and this does not depend on a corresponding increase in the number of paupers, for the rise in their numbers is by no means proportionate. Where, then, does the money go? It would be some satisfaction to suppose that the poor get it, but Mrs. Despard, Poor Law Guardian for Lambeth, has pointed out that there, at all events, it is Mr. and Mrs. Bumble who have absorbed the profit. The inmates of the workhouse and allied institutions take £20,000 to keep them for half the year, and of this the officials get £12,000 odd! It is certain that we cannot have omelettes without breaking some eggs, as the French proverb reminds us; and if we want to know that the sick paupers have trained nurses in the workhouse infirmaries, and so on, we shall have to pay for our State charities. But the economical faculties of a woman want to be assured that the money taken for such uses is truly earned, and Mrs. Despard has induced her fellow-guardians to appoint a committee to inquire into the duties and emoluments of the officials.

In the January *Quiver* there is an interesting article by Mr. Frederick Dolman on "Ladies of the Platform," illustrated by portraits. An observation of Mr. Dolman's is that "Moral feeling, rather than personal ambition, has been the making of the best women speakers." This is, I believe, quite true. There are only two avenues in which high personal success can be attained by brilliant platform gifts—the House of Commons and the Bar—and both these are closed to women; so that personal ambition has little scope in the making of a great woman speaker. I suppose men who have prospered by the possession of oratorical power can hardly realise how hard it is on women similarly and equally gifted that the paths to real success by its means are closed to us; but it is hard! Oratorical power is of the same nature as literary effectiveness; but it is more. The true orator not only produces rapidly a good literary composition, but also possesses a peculiar electric power to drive home his meaning and to stir up the intellectual and emotional faculties of the hearer. What is that power? It can only be described as "magnetic," which does not explain it. As Lord Lytton put it—

Reason halts  
To gauge the merits and assess the faults—  
While forth unguessed magnetic influence flows,  
To hold the friendly and upset the foes.

A person who does not possess this mysterious gift may make most elaborate speeches—that is to say, may deliver fine literary essays—and produce nothing but weariness and boredom; but the born orator never fatigues, generally convinces, always excites some feeling, and draws to himself either enthusiastic love or intense opposition. This is the first process in making a great statesman or a leading lawyer. But when the mighty gift is in women, it is not allowed to flow into those inspiring channels, and evaporates on a hundred obscure platforms to small purpose either in present effectiveness or future fame. And this is hard!

It is not yet too late to think of New Year's gifts—at least, so you will find is the young folks' opinion if the gift take the shape of some of the various delicious forms in which Cadbury's chocolate can be procured. It is prepared for presentation, too, in many and various charming cases and boxes, some of them handsome enough for use as workboxes, trinket-holders, and so on, afterwards.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The statistics of crime in Germany for the year 1894 show an increase of 15,667—more than three-and-a-half per cent.—in the total number of offences, compared with the preceding year. The number of crimes of violence against the person has increased by 10,000.

The cruise of H.M.S. *Northampton*, the recruiting-ship for the Royal Navy, visiting many ports of the English, Irish, and Scottish coasts to pick up willing and likely youths for sea service, brought in over eleven hundred, mostly from the south and west of England. Those of Scotland were less inclined to enlist.

An exhibition is about to be opened at Vienna, designed to illustrate the historical memories, relics, and associations of the famous European Congress held in that city after the downfall of Napoleon, in 1814 and 1815, which was intended to settle all the political conditions of the whole Continent, restoring the Bourbon monarchy in France, reconstituting the Germanic Diet, giving secure titles of sovereignty to all the German and Italian princes, annexing Belgium to Holland, and making other arrangements that were destined to failure within about half a century ensuing! The exhibition will be not the less interesting and instructive, especially the collection of portraits of all the notable persons, emperors and kings, statesmen, ambassadors, and diplomatists, military commanders, princesses, and ladies of rank or influence, belonging to every nation in Europe, who were busy in that complicated transaction. The Imperial Courts of Austria, Russia, and Germany, Queen Victoria, the Kings of Saxony and Wurtemberg and Regent of Bavaria, the kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Sweden, and many ancient houses of the foreign nobility, contribute pictures, manuscripts, works of decorative art, views of palaces and castles, jewels, snuff-boxes, and decorations of knightly orders, grand State coaches, uniforms, liveries, and Court costumes belonging to the early part of the nineteenth century. Every visitor with a taste for historical curiosities will find much to suit his mind at Vienna after the opening of the exhibition next month.



PELISSE WITH VELVET FRONT.

of the fact that we know how they are procured (and we ought really to be ashamed of such possessions), are immensely popular; in black striped round with white, or in black tipped with white, or all in white they obtain. One of the most delightful hats I have met this year was made



## THE KUTHO DAW NEAR MANDALAY.

BY PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

We have often been told of late that the most efficient instrument for the extension and improvement of historical knowledge is the Spade. "Dig, dig, dig!" has been the war-cry of many indefatigable explorers, not only in Italy and Greece, but in Babylon and Nineveh, in Egypt, in Arabia—nay, in South Africa and Central America. A new school of archaeologists has sprung up that—from *scaptein*, to dig—may be called the *Scaptic* in opposition to the *Sceptic* school. The late Dr. Schliemann was the most active and vigorous representative of this Scaptic school, and with his spade in his hand he was very fond of asking, "How can you doubt the existence of Troy and the flesh-and-bone reality of Helen, when my wife is actually wearing one of her golden necklets? And how can you question the truth of the tragedy of Agamemnon when I can show you his very skeleton from the tombs of Mycenæ?" Schliemann himself was convinced that the spade would solve all the difficulties of ancient history and mythology. But he hardly knew all the difficulties that had to be solved. He forgot that, granting the necklet which he found was that of Helen, it would have been necessary, in order to remove all the difficulties of her story, to find the very egg-shells from which she and her brother had been hatched by Leda, the unfaithful wife of King Tyndareus. He forgot that the skeleton he found at Mycenæ could hardly have been that of Homer's Agamemnon, considering that it showed no traces of any wounds or injuries inflicted by the hands of Clytemnestra or Ægisthus. He forgot, in fact, that after the materials of ancient history have been dug up, they still require the scholar or the higher critic to interpret them, and the sceptic to help us to distinguish between truth and fancy.

Still, the light which the spade has thrown on some of the darkest chapters of ancient history should be gratefully acknowledged. If properly handled, the spade has supplied the safest foundation for the ancient history not only of Greece and Italy, but of Babylon, Nineveh, Persia, Phrygia, Egypt, and the ancient kingdoms of the Arabian peninsula. The one country where the spade has as yet done least, and where the finds would probably be larger than anywhere else, is India. Modern India is built up on a succession of ruins, and the rapid change of monuments into ruins is going on there before our very eyes. With the constant dust and the moisture and the heat of the air, such is the rapid growth of the vegetation that in a small number of years an ancient building is completely covered by a new humus, its masonry is destroyed by the roots of plants and trees, and its pillars and arches fall prostrate and are buried under a new stratum of fertile surface-soil. The soil in many parts of India has only to be scratched, and ancient *chaityas* and *dogobas*, *vihāras* and *stūpas* come to light again, and their inscriptions tell of kings and sages who lived thousands of years ago. A good deal has been done in the way of excavation in India by private individuals, and likewise by the Government. Ancient ruins have been disinterred or preserved from utter decay, but the area is too immense for anything, as yet, like a complete survey of Indian antiquities. The Archaeological Survey has done excellent work of late years, but as it advances towards the Eastern provinces it finds itself face to face with a world almost unknown to the archaeologist, and never before systematically explored. The last "Annual Progress Reports," published by the Archaeological Survey Commission, is the first that deals with India *extra Gangem*, with Burmah and the valley of the Irawaddi, with the Pegu division of Lower Burmah, the Tenasserim division, the southern, central, and northern divisions, containing a list of ancient and modern monuments in or near the towns of Rangūn, Pegu, Prome, Taungu, Pagān,

abundance of inscriptions, both ancient and modern, some of them in ancient Gupta characters going back to A.D. 416, and recording the foundation of new Hastināpura by Gopāla, who had come from the old Hastināpura on the Ganges. There is a Burmese chronicle, the "Mahāyazawin," which records the arrival of an Indian king at Manipura in the sixth century B.C. Here there is still much to be done by Burmese scholars, and it is not impossible that the history of the Transgangetic kingdoms may in time reflect

every one carefully engraved on white marble. We are told that the text had been carefully revised by a Royal Commission before it was engraved, and Mr. Ferrars, to whom we owe our photographs, is prepared to reproduce this text of the whole Buddhist Bible photographically, and to publish it at a comparatively small price, if some learned society would come forward and bear the expense of taking photographic plates. We hope that this scheme may be realised. It would spread



THE 730 TEMPLES HOLDING THE MARBLE SLABS ON WHICH THE SACRED CANON OF THE BUDDHISTS IS ENGRAVED.

new light on the history and chronology of the ancient Gangetic kingdoms of India.

The people of Burmah, however, have used their inscriptions not only for recording historical events. They have invented a new use by erecting enormous buildings and covering them with inscriptions containing portions or even the complete text of their sacred Scriptures. The sacred Scriptures of the Buddhists are the largest in the whole world, but at Mandalay the father and predecessor of the last King of Burmah, King Mindōn Min, erected the Kutho Daw, a group of about 730 small brick pagodas, each sheltering a large marble slab. These 730 slabs contain the complete text of the Tripitaka—the Three Baskets—i.e., of their Bible, engraved in the rounded Burmese characters.\*

Mandalay was the last capital of the kings of Burmah, who seem to have delighted in building new capitals and changing the seat of government with every reign. Awa, or Ratnapura, was founded in A.D. 1364. In 1782 Awa was demolished, and out of its materials a new capital was built, Amarapura. As the private buildings are mostly made of wood, there was no difficulty in bodily carrying away one city and building it up again in another place. Public buildings, temples, and palaces

and perpetuate the fame of Buddha far more effectually than the colossal monument of the Kutho Daw, the stones of which are already beginning to decay, while but few travellers visit it who are able to read and to understand the engraved words of Buddha.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London's latest appointments to prebendal stalls in St. Paul's Cathedral are very satisfactory. The Rev. F. E. Wigram has acted for many years with immense energy and self-denial as the unpaid secretary of the Church Missionary Society. The wonderful development of that great organisation is largely due to his unwearied and self-denying energy. The Rev. J. F. Kitto, Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, is a son of Dr. Kitto, so famous in his day as a writer on Biblical subjects, and as a living proof of how much can be done in the face of the most extraordinary disadvantages of circumstances and physique. The Rev. H. M. Villiers is the well-known Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Dean Farrar is already making himself felt at Canterbury. He is trying to make the nave of the cathedral available for great religious services. The acoustic difficulties are great, but it is thought that they will be overcome by hanging large banners between the arches. The Duke of Westminster, Lord Northbourne, Mrs. Miller, the Rev. H. G. Rolt, Canon Flower, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and Mr. Philips have promised to contribute banners emblazoned with the arms of the sees of England. In the year 1897 will occur the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert, and the cathedral will then witness a gathering of all the English-speaking Bishops of the Anglican communities.

Some recent School Board elections have shown a considerable increase in the Nonconformist vote. This is said to be due to more energetic canvassing, and also to the fact that Nonconformist Unionists are co-operating with Gladstonians.

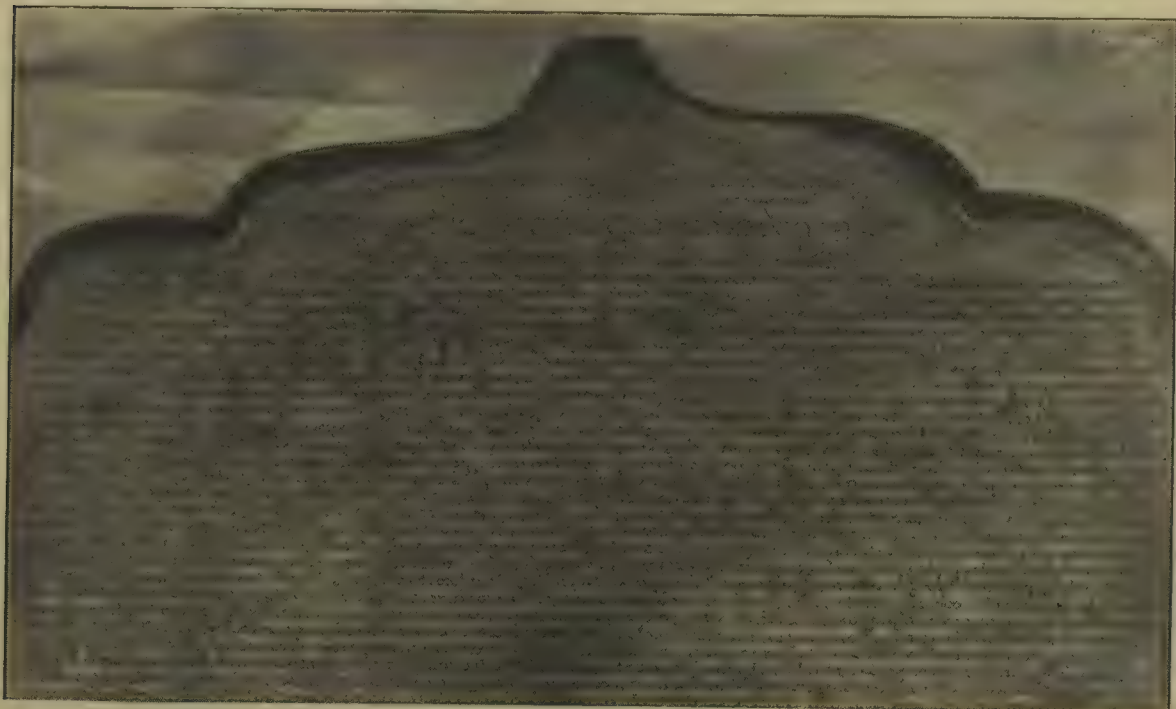
The Baptists this year report an increase of 46 churches, 4279 church members, 16 places of worship, 7544 Sunday-school scholars, and 1380 Sunday-school teachers.

The Temperance Committee of the Wesleyan Conference press upon Temperance reformers the desirability of concentrating their attention upon Sunday closing as the measure of first and immediate importance.

The appointment of the Rev. S. A. Alexander, Reader of the Temple, to the vacant Canonry in Hereford Cathedral will be generally approved of. Mr. Alexander had a most distinguished University career, and is popular at the Temple. He has published some of his sermons in the "Gospel of the Age" series of Messrs. Isbister.

Sir Arthur Blomfield has given another report on the tower and spire of Salisbury Cathedral. He says that beyond doubt complete substantial repairs can no longer be delayed with safety. "In looking over numerous former reports on the fabric, beginning with that of Sir Christopher Wren in the year 1668, I have been much struck with the fact that there is no mention anywhere, so far as I can discover, of any examination or inquiry having ever been made as to the nature of the foundations, their depth, the width of footings, or the character of the soil. The little examination I have made indicates that the origin of the mischief, and of all subsequent troubles and alarms about the tower and spire, must be referred to the unequal settlement of the great piers, which began to cause anxiety about the year 1387, and continued to do so for upwards of seventy years." Sir Arthur, however, is not afraid of any sudden disaster occurring without warning.

V.



SECTION OF AN ENGRAVED MARBLE SLAB WITH A PORTION OF THE BUDDHIST SACRED CANON.

Awa, Segaing, Amarapura, Mandalay, and Bhamo. Most, if not all, of the monuments in that part of the world, are Buddhist, but there is more and more evidence coming forth, which shows that Indian civilisation had reached Transgangetic India in an earlier and, as yet, purely Brahmanic form. There is a stratum of customs still prevalent in Burmah and Siam which cannot be accounted for except as a remnant of the old Brahmanic Sanskṛas—i.e., domestic institutions. The very names that are given to the kings, the princes, and the nobility in Burmah and Siam are taken from Sanskrit, and not from Pāli; and the same applies to many of the names of old towns and rivers. There is an

only were of stone, and had to be erected afresh as memorials of a new reign or a new dynasty. Amarapura was deserted for Awa in A.D. 1823, but was made once more the seat of government in 1837, till it was finally replaced by a new capital, Mandalay, built in 1860 by King Mindōn Min. It was this king, the predecessor of Thebaw, who had the Kutho Daw erected at an enormous expense. This stone Bible contains, according to the Rev. R. Spence Hardy, no less than 8,808,000 syllables,

\* See an article on the "Kutho Daw," by Professor Max Müller, in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century*, 1895.



## SPANISH ART AT THE NEW GALLERY.

It is very much to the credit of the committee that they should have been so successful in bringing together a fairly representative assemblage of Spanish pictures and other objects of Spanish art. Fifty years ago the names of Murillo, Zurbaran, and Velasquez represented to the ordinary Englishman the Spanish school of painting. Of these Murillo was probably the most popular, for the "rago" for Velasquez is of even more recent date, and was felt only by those who had visited the Escorial or the more recently established Prado. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, whose "Annals of the Artists of Spain" appeared just forty years ago, found the public prepared to welcome any further addition to their knowledge of Spanish art, Richard Ford, the author of the "Handbook to Spain," having aroused an interest in that land of romance. In the interval which has elapsed since Stirling-Maxwell's book was first published, Spanish art, especially that of painting, has attracted numerous enthusiasts, and following in their wake numerous collectors. The result is that this country now boasts a goodly number of works by Spanish artists, and their importance in the history of painting is fully recognised in our National Gallery.

The impression left by the first survey of the rooms at the New Gallery is that of sedateness, both of pose and colour—at times developing into stateliness, at others degenerating into pompousness. The earlier pictures, which scarcely date back further than the beginning of the sixteenth century, are more or less founded upon the contemporary schools of Italy. A picture attributed to Antonio Rincon—the father of the school of Castile, but not of Spanish painting—was probably the first officially recognised Painter-in-Ordinary to Ferdinand and Isabella, and thus vindicated the claims of his profession to royal recognition. Very properly, therefore, the present exhibition leads off with a characteristic work attributed to his brush, which cannot, however, be compared with that of his contemporary Morales—then living at Badajoz—of whom the "Christ Bearing the Cross" (65), lent by Lord Northbrook, is very typical. Luis de Vargas, who about this time was also living, but at Seville, is represented by a single work, "The Virgin and Child" (22), which, like nearly all the pictures of this period, bears witness to the Italian training of the painter, as did in a lesser degree Alonso Coello, also an Andalusian. The chief patrons of Spanish art in its earlier days were apparently the clergy, who required altarpieces and the like for the churches and monasteries from which they derived their revenues. The consequence is that this period is almost exclusively represented by religious pictures, into which an artist like Morales or Juan de Juanes might throw deep feeling and vigorous colouring; but they were led by inexorable necessity to produce the school of devotional painters of whom Zurbaran and Ribera were the most noteworthy. Such works as El Greco's portrait of his daughter (81) or El Mudo's portrait of Donna Maria Padilla (112) are bright exceptions, and excursions in the realm of nature as agreeable as they are rare.

The Spanish school, in fact, owes its importance to two men only—Velasquez and Murillo—both natives of Seville. Like their brethren of the craft, they were compelled to look to the Church and the Court for protection, but at the same time they looked around them for inspiration, and transcribed with literalness and consummate skill the characteristics of contemporary life, and traced with equal vividness the lifelike portraits of their patrons and of their dependents. Their methods of work were essentially different, and their powers of delineation unequal. Velasquez seems to catch in a moment the character of his sitter and to transfer it vividly to the canvas, as seen in the remarkable portrait (107) lent by the Duke of Wellington, and "The Spanish Beggar" (151), lent by Sir Francis Cook, which may be considered two of the gems of the collection, especially in the eyes of those who are tired of the endless variations of Queens and Infantas—the portraits of Mariana of Austria (144) and of Don Balthazar Carlos (48) being the most important. Other noticeable works by the same master are the portraits of the Duque de Olivarez (45), of "The Child and the Serving Man" (44), of "The Water-Carrier of Seville" (134), and of Quevedo (68); but that of Juan de Pareja (98) does not carry any more conviction of being the work of his master hand than the very inadequate copy of the portrait of Innocent X. (102), of which the original is in Rome. Of Murillo's work the chief specimens are, unfortunately, limited to religious subjects, although the governors of the Dulwich Gallery have kindly lent his "Flower-Girl" (35) and "Peasant Boys" (75), which latter, when bought by Lord Godolphin in 1693 for eighty pounds, was pronounced by Evelyn to be "deare enough." Murillo is seen at his best, perhaps, as a painter of children, and it is obvious that even when painting Madonnas and cherubs it was, from nature that he chose his highest models. He worked with conscientious laboriousness, and not infrequently his drapery, although conventional, is graceful and flowing. Happily, his love of humanity induced him to vary his conceptions of the Virgin, whom he represents indifferently dark or fair, as a mere child or a full-grown woman. His favourite theme was, however, borrowed from the Apocalypse: "The woman clothed with the sun, and having the moon under her feet." Of such renderings by Murillo, or attributed to him, there are enough and to spare in the present exhibition, and one would have wished to see him and judge him by works more amenable to the test of human knowledge. The story of the Prodigal Son, as told by him in six pictures, (124-9), is not quite so naïve in its treatment as the rendering of the story of Jael and Sisera (12), attributed to Velasquez; but such work is interesting, as marking a stage between the actual naturalistic studies from the streets and the imaginativeness which inspired such a picture as that of St. Bonaventura, after death, completing his Memoirs of St. Francis (141), in which, wholly unintentionally, the painter conveys the impression that the writer is imposing upon his readers. The committee may be congratulated upon having done so much to make the exhibition successful and attractive to all sorts and conditions of lovers of art.

## CHESS.

FR FERNANDO, ALPHA, and many other esteemed correspondents are thanked for their good wishes and kind compliments.  
R KELLY (of Kelly).—We shall give the problem our careful examination; but the second solution certainly does not appear to hold good.  
L W L.—The variation is pretty, and is continued by 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), K moves; 3. Q to Kt 3rd, Mate.  
T ROBERTS (Hackney).—Your diagram is wrong. The two black Pawns should be on the Knight's file.  
BANARSI DAS.—Your solution is right. The problem shall receive attention.  
T RUSSELL GUBBINS (Lima).—P to K 5th is a weak continuation, and Black soon obtains an overwhelming attack.  
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2693 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2694 from A P (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2695 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2696 from Alfred Field (Newcastle-on-Tyne); of No. 2697 from E G Boys, J Bailey (Newark), Betinka, and M A Eyre (Folkestone); of No. 2698 from E F (Hoxton), Betinka, E Loudon, H S Brandreth, Castle Lea, A H (Welsphool), F Leete (Sudbury), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Bailey (Newark), Dr. T Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. Roberts (Hackney), Dr. Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), Sorrento, F W C (Edgbaston), Ubique, H Rodney, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Hermit, C M A B, Oliver Icingla, H H (Peterborough), C Kemp, F A Carter (Maldon), E E H, Arnold Stangel, and C W Smith (Stroud).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2699 received from Dr F St. Fr Fernando (Glasgow), E E H, Betinka, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T Roberts, R H Brooks, Hermit, C W Smith (Stroud), E Loudon, J Dixon, H T Bailey (Kentish Town), Shadforth, W R B (Clifton), C M O, G T Hughes (Athy), E Greenfield, H E Lee (Ipswich), Oliver Icingla, W J Leeming (Baldon), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), H S Brandreth, H T Atterbury, J R Moon, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), L Desanges, Robin H Legge, M A Eyre (Folkestone), H Rodney, Mary Smith, F W C (Edgbaston), C E Perugini, W R Baillem, N Harris, F A Carter (Maldon), C M A B, Sorrento, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Sowden, J F Moon, F Waller (Luton), Redfield, W David (Cardiff), J S Wesley (Exeter), F G Firth (Dersingham), John M Robert (Crossgar), David Callender (Edinburgh), Eugene Henry, Ubique, Arnold Stangel, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F James (Wolverhampton), R Worters (Canterbury), Bruno Feist (Cologne), James Gamble (Belfast), F Freemantle, and W d A Barnard (Uppingham).

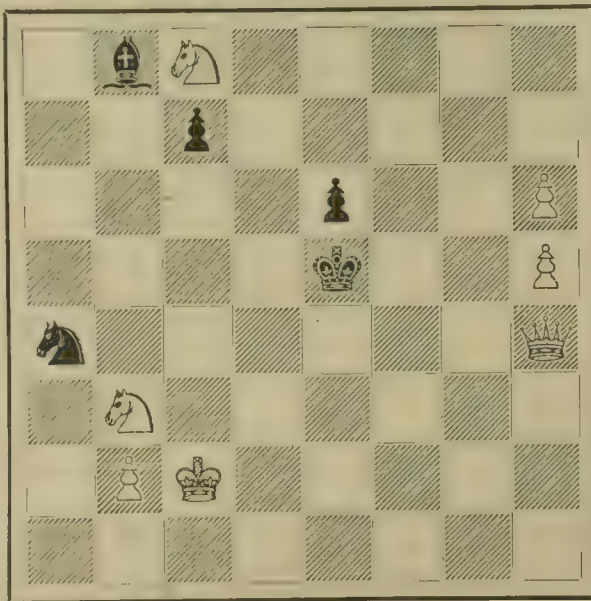
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2698.—By H. B. JACKSON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q Kt 3rd P takes B  
2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch) K to K 4th  
3. R to K 2nd. Mate.  
If Black play 1. P to Q 6th, 2. Kt takes P (ch); and if 1. Kt to Q 4th, then 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM No. 2701.

By A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Game played between Messrs. LASKER and PILLSBURY.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14.	Kt to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. B to Q B sq	B to Q 3rd
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	16. Kt to Q 2nd	Q R to K sq
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	17. Kt to B sq	Kt (at K 3) tks P
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	How Black takes advantage of a superior game is disclosed in a few wonderfully effective strokes.	
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	18. Q to Q sq	R takes R
7. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Q takes R	Kt takes P
8. R to K sq	B to K Kt 5th	20. K takes Kt	P to B 5th
9. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th	21. Q to Q sq	Kt to K 4th (ch)
10. Q to Kt 3rd		22. K to K 2nd	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
The point of the game commences here. It is not a good move because the Q Kt P cannot be taken with safety, and hence the Queen leaves a good position for an inferior one at an early stage of the game.		23. K to Q 2nd	Q takes Q (ch)
11. B to K B 4th	Castles	24. K takes Q	Kt takes B
12. P takes B	B takes Kt	25. K to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th
13. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th	26. P to B 3rd	R to K sq
14. Q to B 2nd	Q to Q 2nd	27. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th (dis. ch)
It is stated by the players that the following line of play was better. 14. Q takes R. Kt to K 3rd; 15. B takes Kt. Q takes R; 16. B to Q B sq; 17. Kt to K 4th; 18. Q takes B; 19. Kt to Q 2nd, with an equal game.		28. K to Q 2nd	Kt to K 6th
		29. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 7th
		30. P to K R 3rd	B to B 4th
		31. Kt to R 2nd	B to B 7th
		32. P to B 4th	P takes P
		33. P takes P	P to K R 4th

White resigns.

The following game was recently played between PRINCE DADIEN and M<sup>r</sup> VERINGUME.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (M. V.)	BLACK (Prince D.)	WHITE (M. V.)	BLACK (Prince D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q takes P	B to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. Q takes R P	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	Time is thus gained, much to Black's advantage, before taking the piece.	
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	14. Q to R 4th	P takes B
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 7th
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	16. B takes P	Kt takes B
7. Castles	Castles	17. Kt takes Kt	B takes K Kt P
A normal variation in the Petroff so far, and in accord with modern discoveries. Dr. Tarrasch, also, we believe, supports these opening moves.		A very powerful and effective stroke.	
8. P to Q B 4th	B to K 3rd	18. K takes B	Q to Kt 4th (ch)
9. Q to Q B 2nd	P to K B 4th	19. K to B 3rd	
10. Q to Q Kt 3rd	P takes P	If K to B sq, then Q to B 5th would win. The ending may take rank with Prince Dadien's best.	
11. Q takes Kt P	K to R sq	19.	R to K sq
Here White goes astray, and, as in many similar contests, the result is a pretty competition not to White's advantage. B takes P was the correct reply.		20. Kt (Q 2nd) to K 4	R takes Kt
		21. Kt takes R	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
		22. K to K 3rd	Q takes Kt (ch)
		23. K to Q 2nd	B to Kt 5th (ch)
		24. K to B sq	Kt takes P

Black wins.

Many chess-players in every part of the country will regret to hear of the death of Mr. G. E. Barber, who for nearly thirty years has been known in all departments of the game as a fine player, a brilliant composer, and a skilful analyst. His earliest contributions appeared in *Loventhal's Chess Magazine*, and at the time of his decease he was chess editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*. He won the championship of the Scottish Association as well as that of the Glasgow Club, and became final holder of the West of Scotland Cup by winning it thrice in succession. His enthusiasm for the game gained for him a large circle of friends, all of whom must deplore the loss of a man endowed with many gifts, cut off in the prime of life.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have to thank various correspondents for letters bearing on the sea-serpent question, and on the identity of the "great unknown" of the deep, and I have also to acknowledge the kindness which prompts the promise of more than one correspondent that duly authenticated accounts of sea-serpent appearances shall reach me in due season. It is reports of this kind which present the most valuable data for the determination of the nature of the big animal or animals that occasionally present themselves to view before the eyes of those who travel by sea. I desire now to reply only to one of my correspondents, who appears to have mistaken my attitude towards the sea-serpent question, regarded from a biological standpoint. What I have always maintained is that no one animal can possibly represent or explain every sea-serpent narrative. On the contrary, I hold that a feasible explanation of any narrative can only be reached by a strict examination of the special circumstances under which the appearance of a gigantic marine animal is reported, and by referring such animal, from the evidence available regarding its nature, to its most probable class or order. In carrying out this reasonable principle one easily discovers that it would be impossible to explain the varied recitals on the theory that one species of animal—say a hugely developed sea-snake—figured throughout the narratives. Such animals as giant cuttle-fishes, ribbon-fishes, huge conger eels, a big basking shark, and the like, have no doubt to be reckoned with as representatives of sea-serpent stories. Personally, I incline to think that a big squid or cuttle-fish, for reasons I have before detailed, most frequently masquerades as the sea-serpent; but in thus frankly stating my own personal predilection I do not exclude by any means the probability of other animals from time to time appearing in the rôle of the ocean mystery.

I have received several communications from persons who practise the divining-rod business for the discovery of water. Most of these letters simply reiterate the marvelous successes enjoyed by the water-finding fraternity. Indeed, if I am to credit all that has been written of and by them, failure to find water is impossible. These glowing accounts, however, hardly come within the scope of the information which, in the interests of any scientific explanation of the alleged water-finding powers, it is necessary for us to possess. All I can or will admit is that there is a *prima facie* case for explanation and investigation. It seems to me that among the first points to be elucidated are the personal feelings of the water-finder. Let them send me (that is, if I am to be chosen as an exponent of the system) plain details of any symptoms or feelings they are accustomed to experience in the course of their work, and more especially when the presence of water is detected by them. I don't want theories or speculation; still less shall I notice eloquent outbursts of testimony to the superiority of A over B as a water-finder. If I can be furnished with plain, unvarnished accounts of the personal symptoms (if any such exist), experienced in the course of the water-finding process, I shall undertake to deal with such reports in a fair and reasonable fashion. We have had enough of assertion of wondrous powers on the part of the divining-rod and its professors; let us now see if we can arrive at something more definite in the way of explanation, and the first step to this end is the production of personal evidence of the kind I have indicated.

Mothers who are intent on correcting stooping habits in their children by the use of the ordinary shoulder-straps should be made aware that a well-known authority has of late been decrying the utility of these familiar appliances. He will have none of them at all. He declares that they do far more harm than good, and this for the reason that their use tends to over-develop the muscles which draw the shoulder-blade forwards, so that the sufferer is more round-shouldered than ever when the straps are left off. The further explanation is given that if the shoulder-blades (which lie on the back and upper parts of the chest) are pressed to the spine by the straps and kept so opposed to the backbone, the muscles which connect the spine and shoulder-blade are thus practically rendered useless. Nature then produces on these muscles the effects of disuse—that is to say, they tend to become smaller, to lose their natural bulk, and to have their functions abrogated. The muscles on the fore-part of the chest, by their resistance to the straps, develop more largely than usual, and when the straps are released pull the chest forward and increase the deformity the straps are presumed to correct. It is, therefore, of great importance, I think, that mothers should bear in mind this very practical piece of surgical advice. The outcome of the advice really amounts to this: that where any tendency to deformity exists in children, it is always safest to consult a surgeon accustomed to treat such ailments. Amateur doctoring in this respect is liable to be singularly unsuccessful where it is not actually harmful.

Mr. Arthur H. Wilson, who is chief medical officer to the General Post Office, in evidence given before the Departmental Committee on Post Office affairs, stated that as a result of statistics extending over a four years' period, it may be considered that Post Office employés, compared with workers of the same age employed in many other trades, enjoy better health. This very general statement proves nothing, of course, and I am not quoting directly from Mr. Wilson's evidence, which presumably was of specific character. But what I do feel curious about is the reconciliation, if such be possible, of Mr. Wilson's views regarding the health of Post Office employés and the very definite evidence recently commented on in this page, given before the committee concerning the prevalence of consumption among telegraphists. The employés themselves, I believe, do not share their chief medical officer's opinions regarding the healthiness of their work; but it will be a matter for the committee to report upon views which, as things are, appear to be of decidedly opposite character.



### CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many persons are doubtless familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past as fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's office, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled, within a very brief period and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation, to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

### "DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCY.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the reverse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.). These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of

excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions, "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

### THE MISERY OF CORPULENCY.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued Eighteenth Edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper with a large circulation:—"MISERABLE. A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies, of all ages, who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe—by sending sixpence in stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follow his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen,

and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

### A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. There has recently been issued a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—"My son, Count —, has reduced his weight, in twenty-two days, 16 kilos.—i.e., 34lb." Another writes, "So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight pounds in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost two pounds in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."

### GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs sixpence, post free, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.

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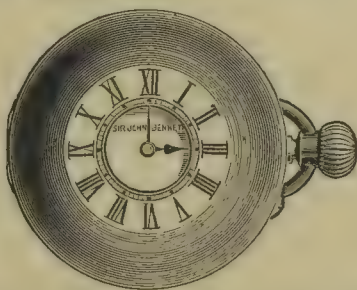
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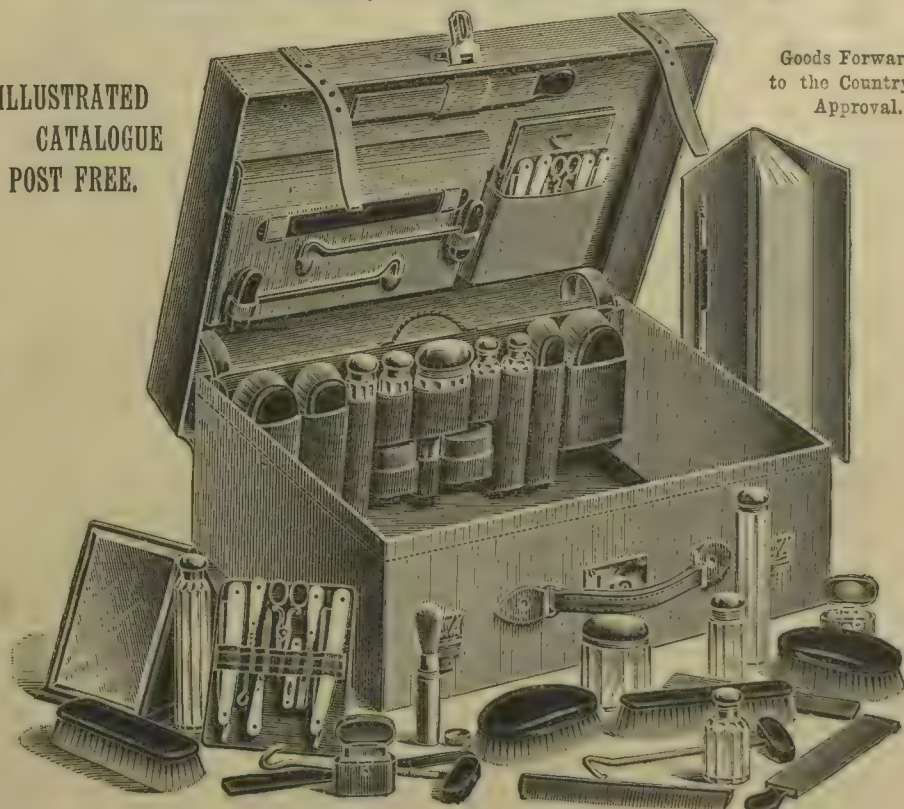
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Walker jointly with her daughter Effie; £600 to his said niece jointly with her daughter Ida; an annuity of £100 to his late wife's sister, Mrs. Evileta Stevens; an annuity of £30 to his niece Mrs. William Pointing; and legacies to other relatives and to friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his daughters, Carlotta Rosa Stenning, Ethel Gordon, and Violet Ina Nesfield.

The will (dated June 21, 1861) of Sir Henry Bromley, Bart., of Stoke, Nottinghamshire, who died on Sept. 21, was proved at the Nottingham District Registry on Nov. 19 by Dame Georgiana Ellen Bromley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,925. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, including any property over which he has a power of appointment, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 16, 1895) of Mr. Thomas Bantock, J.P., of Meridale House, Wolverhampton, who died on July 20, was proved on Dec. 9 by William Bantock, the brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Henry Nevill, and Alfred Reynolds, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,403. The testator bequeaths £200, his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead farming stock to his wife,

Mrs. Mary Ann Bantock; £2000 each to his unmarried daughters; £2500, and certain furniture and effects, upon trust, for Mary Ellen Bantock, the wife of his son Arthur Dickinson Bantock, and his said son's children; £400 to be divided by his sons Albert Baldwin Bantock and Walter Henry Bantock, between the clerks, workmen, and servants who have been in the employ of his firm of Thomas Bantock and Co. for five years; and legacies to his executors, sisters-in-law, coachman, and bailiff. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, except his son Arthur Dickinson.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1895) of Mr. Robert Nelson, formerly District Judge of Malabar, H.E.I.C.S., of Wave-ridge Lawn, Malvern, Worcestershire, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 12 by Miss Lucy Elwin Nelson, the daughter, and Captain Horatio Nelson, R.N., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,650. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his said daughter; and £50 to his executor Captain Nelson. The residue of his property he gives to his son, Arthur, and his daughter, Lucy Elwin, in equal shares.

The will of Sir Thomas Crawford, M.D., K.C.B., of Dumbraun, in the county of Monaghan, and 5, St. John's

Park, Blackheath, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Dec. 21 by the Rev. James Watts Wilkinson and William Henry, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8239.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1891) of Mr. Edwin Samuel Dove, retired bank clerk, of Kilsby, Northamptonshire, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Dec. 11 by George Frederick Howkins, the sole executor, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £8277, and the net to £7827. The testator bequeaths £1300 or thereabouts, more or less, to the Royal Academy of Music, London, for the purpose of founding a scholarship in the said institution, to be called after his name, to be open to a male or female subject born of British parents in the United Kingdom, the study to be the violin, and the age for admission to be at the discretion of the directors or managing committee, and he desires that everything shall be in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Academy; the same amount to the Royal College of Music, London, exactly in the same manner, and subject to the same conditions, with the exception that he wishes the study to be the violoncello; £500 to the Royal Academy of Music for the purpose of giving an annual prize to the student that distinguishes himself or herself most in general excellence, assiduity, and industry; and the same sum to the Royal

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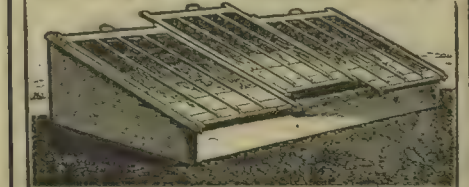


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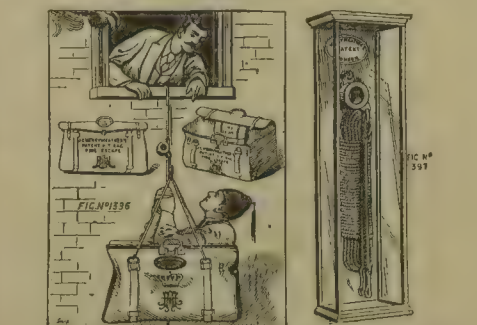
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College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music. The several sums of £500 are to be funded, and the interest applied in the manner intimated annually. He also bequeaths the shawl that belonged to his mother of Indian, Chinese, or other workmanship, a parasol with carved ivory handle and ten old dragon sovereigns of a former reign to the South Kensington Museum; £1000 and his piano, furniture, pictures, and personal effects not otherwise disposed of to his friend William B. Frames; £500 to his old friend and fellow-clerk Christopher Robinson Cragg, of the London Joint Stock Bank, 69, Pall Mall, to be divided equally between himself, Searle, Henshaw, Smith, and Repton; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property and estate is to be equally divided between the three following societies, the Royal Humane, the National Life-Boat, and that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The will of Mr. Charles James Andrewes, J.P., of Broadoak, Upper Redlands Road, Reading, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 18 by Walter Ford Andrewes and Herbert Edward Andrewes, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8402.

The will and two codicils of Sir Rowland Macdonald Stephenson, of Holmfild, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 20, were proved on Dec. 16 by Norton Latham, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8758.

The will of the Hon. Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Henly Tucker, of Waltham Saint Lawrence, Berks, who died on Aug. 16, was proved at the Oxford District Registry on Nov. 8 by William Richard Cusden and Richard Thomas Darvall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4247.

The will of Mr. Charles Browne, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, and of 21, Fellows Road, Hampstead, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 10 by Henry Gursen Batley, and Mrs. Alice Mary Batley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3843.

Among recent improvements in cycle mechanism is a new lever chain devised by Mr. W. S. Simpson, which in a few brief months has become extremely popular. Its vogue

seems likely to increase as it becomes more widely known, for the Simpson chain has the great advantage of simplicity and economical adaptability to every kind of cycle; while the fact that already by its aid the world's records, both on road and path, have been beaten speaks volumes in its favour. Its conspicuous advantage is that it secures the greatest possible amount of power with a minimum of friction. Lady cyclists, in particular, cannot fail to appreciate this chain, for by its use they will be able to attain an increased speed without any necessity for more than ordinary exertion.

Alms-houses are to be erected in the city of Londonderry as a memorial of the late Mrs. Alexander, the well-known hymn writer, and wife of the Bishop of Derry.

At the Bethnal Green Museum, early in the new year, the Science and Art Department from South Kensington will hold a special exhibition of the ornamental furniture and the silk fabrics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Massey-Mainwaring, M.P., who has lent his collection of pictures and of silver to the museum, will assist in arranging this exhibition.

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For the past thirty years it has never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent and harmless. It is not a dye, but a genuine Restorer. In cases, 10s. 6d., of Hairdressers, Chemists, &c. Analyst's report and circulars free.

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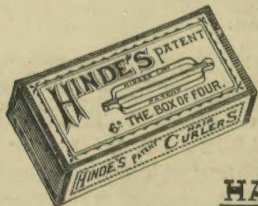
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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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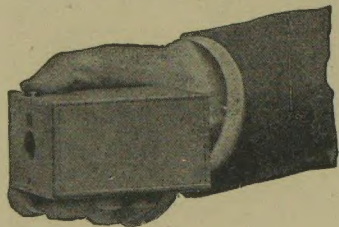
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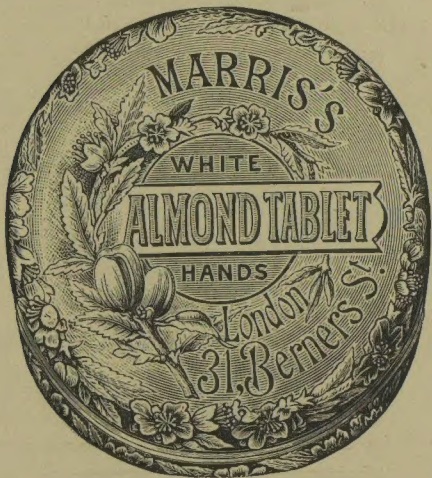


A detailed black and white illustration of a violin, shown from a side profile. The instrument features a dark, textured body with visible wood grain, a long neck with four tuning pegs, and a scroll at the end. The f-hole and bridge are clearly depicted.

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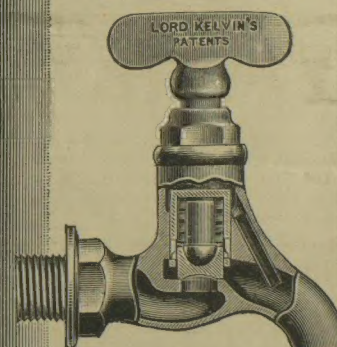
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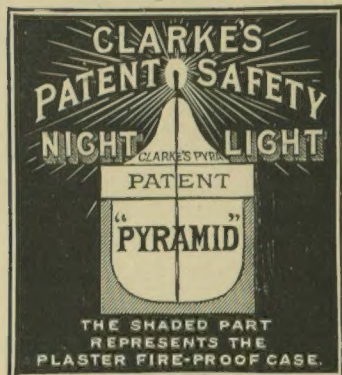
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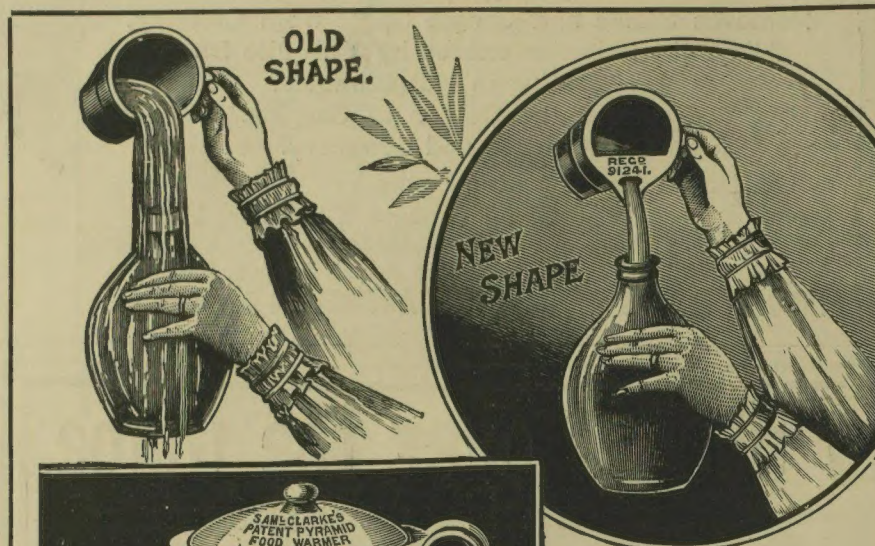


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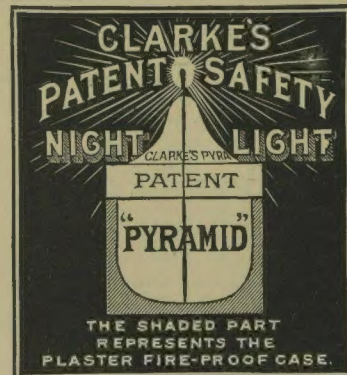


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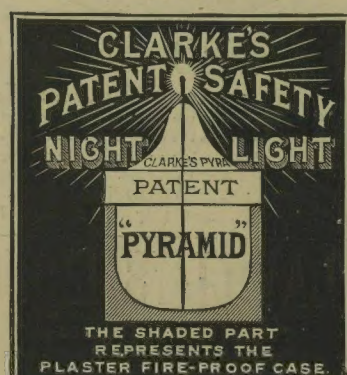
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